

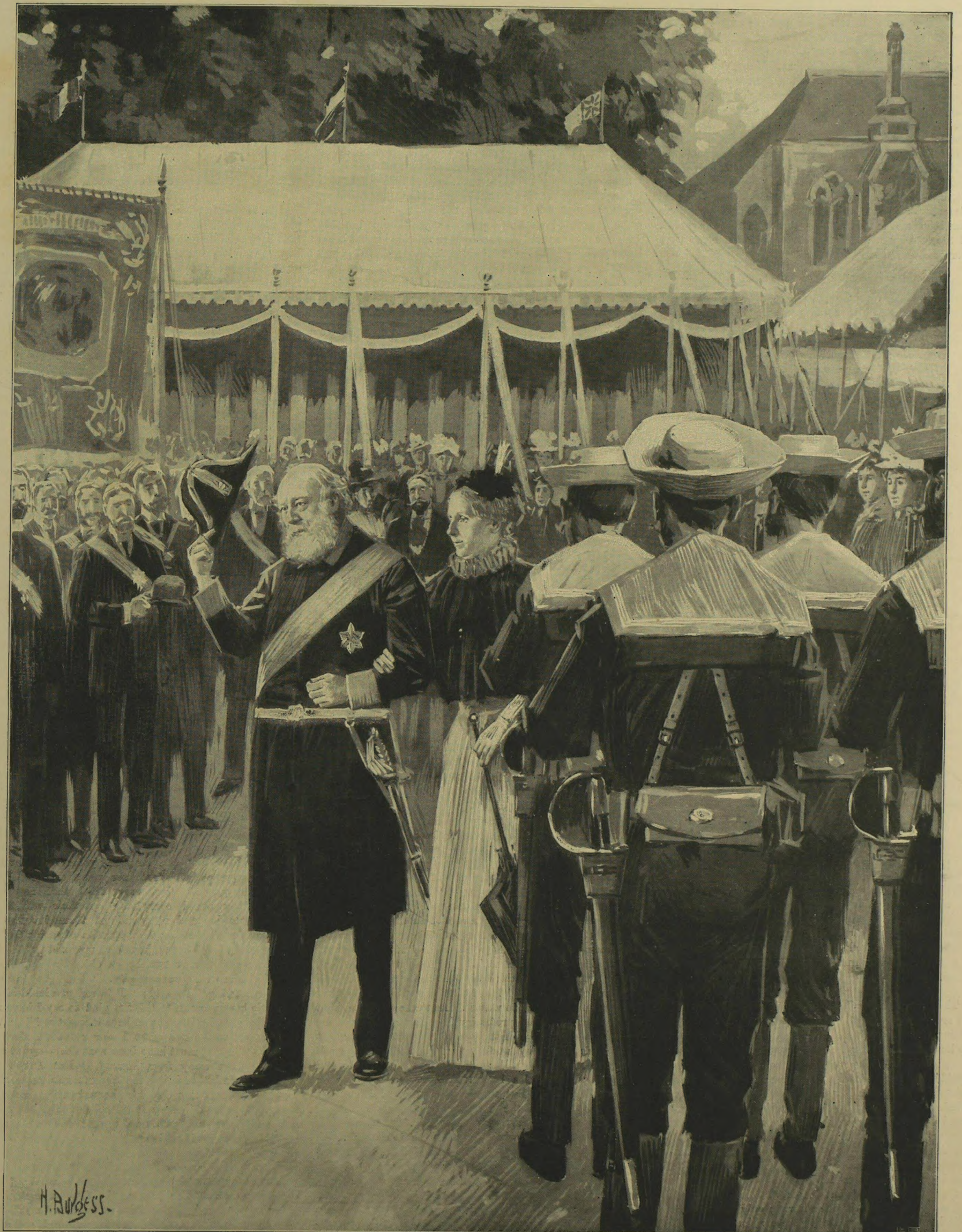
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2992.—VOL. CIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1896.

TWO } SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY LEAVING THE COLLEGE CLOSE AT DOVER AFTER HIS INSTALLATION AS LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When a poem of merit has once been attributed to the wrong person, how long it takes the despoiled owner to come by his own! The true authorship may be affirmed again and again, but the false one still holds the field. The mistake generally arises from a minor or unknown writer composing verses in the same key as a well-known one, to whom it is naturally attributed, for it is the way of the world to give to him who already has ten talents (which amount to genius) and to take away from him who has but one. A case in point is that of Thomas Noel, once a friend of mine, so far as a man of mature years could be to a boy, whose "Pauper's Drive" has for the last half-century, in spite of constant corrections, been attributed to Thomas Hood. It was, it is true, a poem that the author of "The Song of the Shirt" might well have written, but he did not happen to have done it. The error was repeated recently in the House of Commons. Many years ago, in a little book of "Literary Recollections," I flattered myself I had set the matter right; and long before that Miss Mitford thought she had accomplished it in a work that bears a similar title. The poem occurs in Noel's "Rhymes and Roundelays," which deserves to be far better known than it is, if only for its description of Thames scenery. In his time there was no railway to Maidenhead (or rather Taplow), and the Sunday trains which fill that beautiful neighbourhood with visitors were undreamt of. Boulter's Lock then only held a pleasure-boat or two at a time, instead of twenty, and the steam-launch, with its fiendish yell, had not been invented. But the scenery was not less lovely because there were fewer eyes to mark it—

Gracefully, gracefully glides our bark,  
On the bosom of Father Thames;  
And before her bows the wavelets dark  
Break into a thousand gems.

The kingfisher not straighter darts  
Down the stream to his sweet mate's nest  
Than our arrowy pinnace shoots and parts  
The river's yielding breast.

We have passed the chalk-cliff, on whose crown  
The hermit's hut doth cling;  
And the bank, whose hanging woods look down  
On the smile of Cliefden spring.

We are come where Hedsor's crested fount  
Pours forth its babbling rill,  
And where the charmed eye loves to mount  
To the small church on the hill.

In view is Cookham's ivied tower;  
And, up yon willowy reach,  
Enfolding many a fairy bower,  
Wave Bisham's woods of beech.

O'er Marlow's loveliest vale they look,  
And its spire that seeks the skies;  
And afar, to where in its meadow-no  
Medmenham's Abbey lies.

I doubt whether Thomas Noel's poems could be procured now for their weight in gold (if they can, it is probably *my* copy, which has been stolen), though I daresay he never realised sixpence by their publication.

I read in an evening paper a most exciting account of a wild policeman, a case that disproves Solomon's oft-quoted but in reality groundless observation that there is nothing new under the sun. That curates should be found in this condition, or at all events should be imagined to be so, is clear from Sydney Smith's proposed punishment of an ecclesiastical offender that "he should be preached to death by wild curates." But who is afraid of a wild curate? A literary person similarly afflicted would have no terrors for the general public; he would probably only "go for" his publisher or the critics. But a policeman with a sunstroke (and a truncheon) is a serious matter. The one in question is said to have "run amuck" in a crowded thoroughfare, hitting everybody right and left with the greatest impartiality, till the populace rose against him and reduced him to such a condition that he had to be removed in one of Carter Paterson's vans, unpaid and unaddressed. A fine stroke of humour was that, before being overpowered, he blew his whistle: a curious example of how professional instinct will survive the wreck of reason.

The powers of the County Council are quite alarming, and remind one of those of the Star Chamber; it has been putting people in prison for playing cards in the open air. We know that in the eye of the law it is wicked to sleep in the open air, as having a savour of vagabondage; but why should it be more sinful to play cards in it than quots? I sincerely trust this law is not retrospective, or I may be haled out any day by the myrmidons of the C.C. and placed in durance vile. For in my hot youth, or rather in my youth when the weather was hot, I have often committed this enormity. For complete satisfaction in outdoor whist there should be no wind, though it is a fine ordeal for the temper to have one's ace of trumps blown into a tree, or (worse) out to sea, and the deal declared null and void because of one's having only twelve cards in one's hand. If, in addition to these risks, one had been liable to be seized by the County Council, the game would have been even more exciting. There are several covert

allusions in Shakspeare (much more obvious than his alleged connection with Bacon) to the pursuit of this practice on the shore. "Come unto these yellow sands, and then take hands," he says, and then to make the nature of the game perfectly clear, "courtsied when you have and kissed [this is not now done before commencing a rubber] the wild waves whist." The commentators do not seem to have noticed the significance of these lines.

I am in great hopes that Li-Hung-Chang's method of locomotion will become fashionable. No one seems to know whether pride, laziness, or physical weakness is the cause of his always being carried about in chairs; but so it is, and if he deigns to put his foot to the ground, attendants on each side support him. This is the only way I can get about, and hitherto have abstained from doing so from fear of being taken for a Guy Fawkes out of season, or an inebriate being conveyed to the police-station. Now there is a chance for me, if the practice only "catches on," once more to mingle in the upper circles without derisive remarks from the lower. My friends, who are kind enough to wish me among them as of old, assure me that this mode of progression, even as matters are, would give rise to little observation; but then, they have not been chaired themselves, except, perhaps, now and then on some momentous occasion in their lives, such as winning the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, when I have, moreover, remarked that a good deal of notice has been taken of their exalted position. Thanks to the muzzling order and the lethal chamber, the great Chinaman has come to us in a good time for puppy dogs, though too late for birds'-nest soup. Any attempt to provide him with the latter delicacy would result in the failure recorded of the financier's dinner-party, where the soup was declared by a cynical guest to be made of "deferred stock."

The misadventure at the Novelty Theatre, by which an actor lost his life through being stabbed with a dagger, is, so far as I know, without a parallel; it is strange that it should be so, since contests are constantly being "performed" upon the stage, and with weapons more like what they represent than those which the Master Crummles were wont to use. I do not remember that even a button has come off a foil. Deaths on the stage have, on the other hand, happened several times, and almost always, if one may believe the records, while the actor is uttering some sentiment in connection with the conclusion of this life or the beginning of that which is to come. The coincidences, indeed, are so marked as almost to excite suspicion of their genuineness. Paterson died while preparing Claudio for execution in "Measure for Measure," and saying—

Reason thus with life,  
If I do lose thee I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art.

On his tombstone at Bury St. Edmunds these words are engraved. Cummings, as Dumont in "Jane Shore," expired with these lines upon his lips—

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,  
Such mercy, and such pardon, as my soul  
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to show thee;  
May such befall me at my latest hour.

Palmer, manager and actor, died while performing the chief character in "The Stranger," and exclaiming—

O God! God! there is another and a better world.

It must be observed, however, that only the day before he had received the distressing intelligence of the death of a son, and that the portion of the play where he broke down refers to wife and children. Probably if the other cases were investigated it would be found that in addition to a weak heart there was some especial cause for emotion in the actors who have fallen victims to it which the nature of the speech they had to deliver awakened.

In a recent report on prison discipline there is a significant remark concerning one of the chief causes of crime in the present day—namely, "the aversion to continuous occupation." This is not, unfortunately, confined to the criminal classes. Sir Edmund du Cane somewhere states that even a more frequent cause of moral ruin than drunkenness is the desire to get money without working for it; this is, of course, mainly pandered to by the Turf, but one cannot help thinking that the excessive love of amusement that has of late been developed in all classes has had something to do with it. As to the squabble about the remuneration of professional cricketers, I have no opinion to offer (though it must be pleasant to be able to earn one's living by working, or what other folks call playing, at a game), but the interest it has evoked shows how powerful a hold the amusement has got on the public mind. But for that there would have been no squabble, since the disagreement had solely to do with the vast increase of gate-money. Not one in a hundred plays cricket who goes (and pays) to see it played; and the ratio is still greater as regards football. When one is present at these numerous gatherings one cannot help wondering how so many people can afford to sacrifice, and so often, their day's work. The fact is, in many cases, they cannot afford it; but the love of such spectacles grows and grows, while that of work fades and fails, till the victims become habitual idlers. The *genius* loafer has greatly increased in England of late years. The chance

of picking up a little money upon some sporting "event" is preferred to the steady results of toil, and, of course, to the toil itself. We see that some of the patrons and, indeed, the institutors of these public exhibitions of athletics perceive the mischief that has been caused by their excessive frequency and would fain reform it; but it is only too probable that their good advice will be disregarded: the thing has escaped from their hands and got into far worse custody.

It is not at all surprising that medical science has discovered bacteria in rabbits; it would be hard to find anything in which these cannot be discovered when the occasion arises for accounting for anybody's decease. One can only say that since millions of rabbits have been eaten every year in this country for many generations, and have never before killed anybody, the victim has been exceptionally unfortunate. Welsh rabbit is proverbially unwholesome, and it is singular that bacteria should not have been discovered in *that*. It will doubtless be the hare's turn next year. What has very much disappointed me is that the theory of the catastrophe being caused by the pie not being ventilated seems to have been given up. When one thinks of the pork-pies and the mince-pies of which one has partaken, perhaps a little too freely, and suffered for it, it would be pleasant to know that the consequences did not arise from excess, but from the want of a hole in them before we made one for ourselves.

The ventilating business has of late years had its nose put out of joint, as the children say, by the fatal elements that have been discovered in so many other pleasant things besides warmth and comfort; we are not now invited to catch cold at so many houses furnished with all the newest improvements in the way of draughts. The proprietors have mostly died off (of bronchitis), and their heirs have stopped up the pipes and made themselves comfortable. But what a madness it was while it lasted! I remember, in one house, a handsome apartment in which there always seemed to my near-sighted eyes to be two ladies present; they were pillars in petticoats, which, while maintaining an undulating movement of some grace, were much colder on our approach than we used to find the fair sex; they were modelled, I believe, on ship-ventilators. Another friend of mine (whose house, however, I never visited but once) had an apparatus immediately over the fireplace for introducing cold air into the room, so that in the only spot which the unhappy guest felt he could rely upon for warmth he was frozen to the marrow.

When London becomes a desert little Bedouins make their appearance; they are the children of the caretakers who occupy so many middle-class houses at this season, and it is curious to see them standing at the windows, or on the balconies, but without the airs of proprietorship. They explore their temporary dwelling from garret to cellar, and (unlike the ladies complimented in the marriage service) with considerable amazement. The rooms that are locked up they doubtless regard as Fatima did Bluebeard's chamber, and perhaps picture them as containing similar articles of furniture. One wonders whether they do not feel rather severely their return to their old quarters, which must seem to them to have, by comparison, become cabined, cribbed, confined! We seldom hear of any harm arising from the occupation of caretakers, who indeed are often more law-abiding than their employers, for they are mainly the families of policemen. On the other hand, very curious incidents have happened through houses being left for long periods in the hands of domestics in whom confidence has been misplaced. The most remarkable, perhaps, occurred in a family of my acquaintance who went to Switzerland on one occasion for four months rather early in the season, leaving their house in charge of "our good Duncombe," a butler who had been with them for many years, and who I can testify was, so far as appearance went, one of the most respectable persons that ever filled that responsible office. They found everything on their return just as it should be, and congratulated themselves, as they had often done before, on the possession of such a treasure. The master of the house, however, was met in the City, after the first day or two, by an old acquaintance, who looked at him with some curiosity. "I am glad to see you not in mourning," he said; "I feared you had had some domestic bereavement." "I am glad to say I have not," he replied; "why should you have thought so?" "Well, because six weeks ago or so I saw a funeral start from your door." "It must have been next door—not at mine; we have been away from home." "But I saw your man, Duncombe, assisting the undertaker's people." At first the other thought his acquaintance had gone mad, but on investigation it turned out that the admirable and sagacious Duncombe, unwilling to see property standing idle and without pecuniary return, had let the house for three months, and his tenant had unfortunately died before the expiration of his lease. It was very unlucky that his master's acquaintance should have been passing the door just as the funeral cortège was being marshalled by Duncombe, no doubt with great propriety (for he could put his hand to anything), and almost caused his dismissal. However, one doesn't part easily with a good servant.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## LI-HUNG-CHANG AT HAWARDEN.

Again and again we find it proved that the interest in great personalities, men whose name and fame swing from one end of the world to the other, is almost the deepest form of public interest. The latest illustration of this is the meeting at Hawarden, on Aug. 15, between Li-Hung-Chang and Mr. Gladstone, an event full of picturesque elements. To those of us who were present on the occasion (writes an eye-witness) it is likely to be an enduring memory, and Mr. Gladstone and the Chinese Grand Secretary have both declared the meeting to be one of singular interest to them. They had never come into contact directly or indirectly until Li-Hung-Chang wrote to Mr. Gladstone saying in effect: "I should so much like to meet you." Mr. Gladstone promptly wrote that he would be delighted to see his Excellency at Hawarden, and so the meeting was arranged.

Li-Hung-Chang, of course, missed one train to Hawarden, but caught another two hours later, and I can quite conceive that Mr. Gladstone thought the more of him when he learned the cause of the delay. The Ambassador had a most important despatch to write that morning, and finish it he must before he would set foot in a railway train for the North. Such devotion to duty—and Li-Hung-Chang is a tremendous worker—would appeal to Mr. Gladstone, who has himself been a martyr to public work. The welcome which he gave his Chinese guest to the beautiful home at Hawarden was as cordial as it could have been—it was simple and hearty and true. I have not for years seen the Grand Old Man look so well as when he stood up in the library of Hawarden to shake hands with Li-Hung-Chang. He had come from his study and his books, from the literary work which now engages his attention almost from morning till night. True, he had a walking-stick in one hand, and true also he finds it very useful in moving about; but there was a wonderful vitality in his carriage and bearing. Li-Hung-Chang had been carried in on a lifting chair, and I noticed that his whole attention became fixed on Mr. Gladstone when the two veterans found themselves within sight of each other. One was dressed in a black frock coat and light trousers, the other in the gorgeous clothes of many colours which belong to the high rulers of China. Here was a contrast, and similarly there was a contrast in the faces of the men—one pale, almost pallid; the other dark, almost like parchment. On the Viceroy's yellow riding-jacket there blazed the Order which he has received from the Queen-Empress, for it is thus he always talks of her Majesty.

Mrs. Gladstone joined the circle, which rapidly increased as members of the family and friends arrived. It is difficult to carry on a conversation when the services of an interpreter are needed—difficult, I mean, to make a conversation vivid and interesting under such circumstances. But then Mr. Loh-Feng-Luh, who translated, is not an interpreter in the ordinary sense—all along he has been far more to Li-Hung-Chang. We soon saw that he had the gift of communicating, not merely the letter of the word, but also its spirit; that he could maintain a link of sympathy between two talkers addressing each other in different languages. That is high praise, but I believe that Mr. Loh-Feng-Luh even writes poetry, and so, for that matter, does his friend and master. I should like to speak of the picture which Mr. Gladstone and Li-Hung-Chang made as they exchanged views, of the interested group gathered round them, and so on, but that has all been told. Similarly, everybody knows the gist of their talk, the subjects which cropped up, and the opinions which each expressed upon these. In very truth the talk ranged from

China to Peru, by which I mean that it wandered here and there and everywhere. In some respects Li-Hung-Chang is a jerky talker—dropping a point and resuming it a little later—and, moreover, at Hawarden he jealously guarded himself from seeming to be an inquisitor. But, indeed, his whole attitude to his distinguished host was one of singular deference—a deference mingled with a courtly dignity which sits very well upon him.

There was, for example, the incident of his refusing to be carried to the dining-room in the lifting-chair because there was not another chair for Mr. Gladstone. How Mr. Gladstone's face lit up with appreciation when he understood this, and with what consideration he offered his arm to the less active Ambassador! At Hatfield Li-Hung-Chang had made pets of Lord Salisbury's grandchildren, and here at Hawarden he smiled benignantly

## THE LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

The installation of the Marquis of Salisbury as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, which took place at Dover on Aug. 15, was celebrated with many demonstrations of popular approval. Triumphal arches, flags, and other decorations rendered the picturesque seaport town unusually gay, and large crowds assembled to do honour to the occasion. The Mayors of the several ancient corporations, the Barons, and the other officials of the allied towns assembled, in accordance with historic custom, at the Norman Keep of Dover Castle before eleven a.m., for the purpose of electing their Speaker. Soon afterwards the Marquis of Salisbury arrived, accompanied by the Marchioness of Salisbury, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P. The Lord Warden was received by the Marquis of Dufferin, his predecessor in the office in which

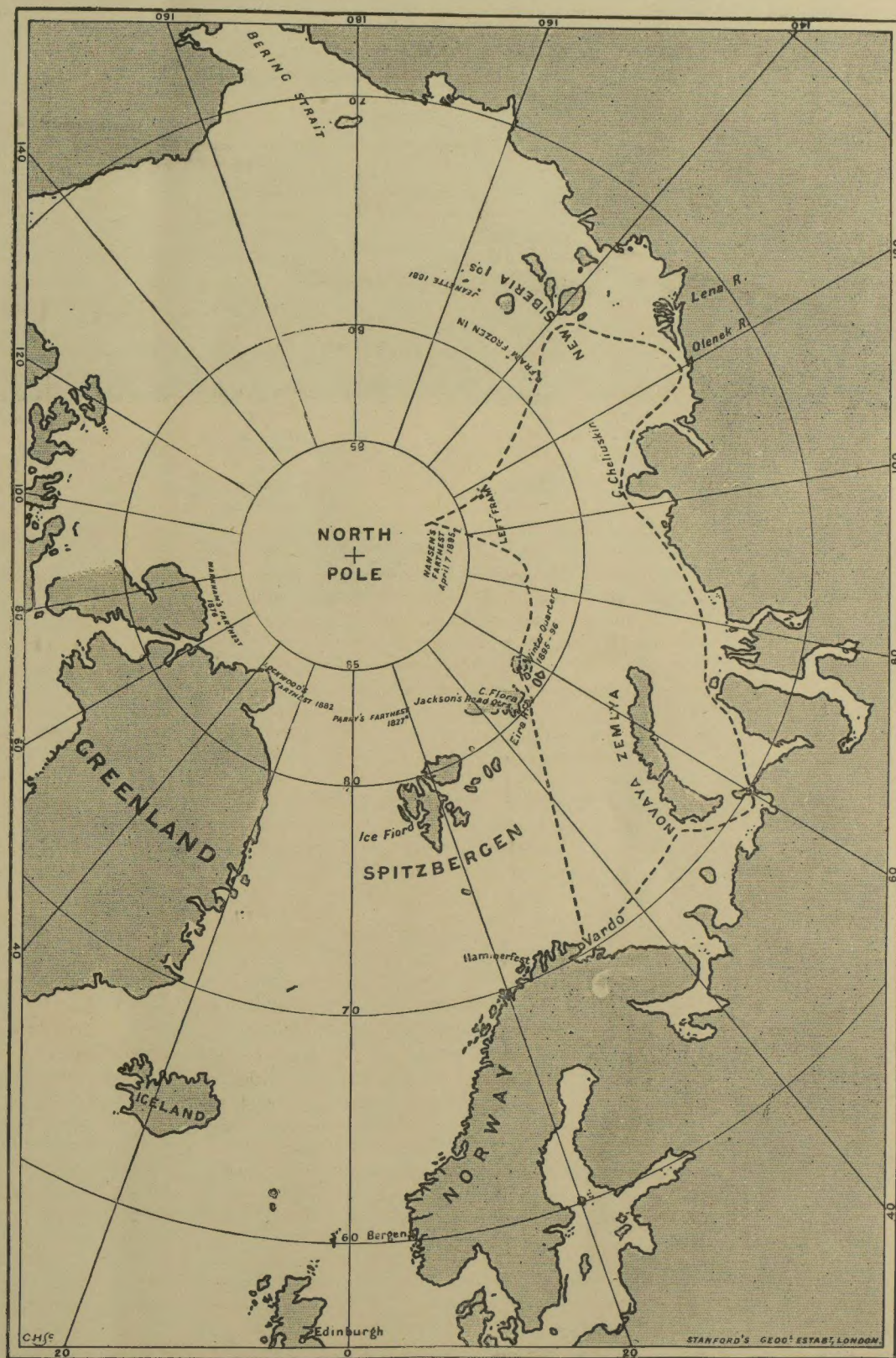
he was now to be formally installed, Sir Myles Fenton, Sir Albert Rollit, president of the Association of Municipal Corporations, and the chief local dignitaries. The ceremonial began with a service in the Castle Church of St. Mary, at which the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Dover, Chaplain to the Cinque Ports. A lengthy procession subsequently passed from the Constable's Gate to the town, headed by the band of the 3rd Dragoon Guards. Lord Salisbury's carriage was escorted by a Cavalry guard of honour. When the procession had reached the College Close the formalities of the Grand Court of Shepway began with the reading of three proclamations by the Seneschal of the Court. The first of these proclamations summoned the various Mayors to produce their register of all persons whose duty bade them to the Court, and when each man named had answered to the roll-call the Queen's patent appointing Lord Salisbury to the office of Lord Warden was read, being closed with a salute of nineteen guns from the Castle. The Mayor of Hythe, as Speaker of the Court, then called upon Lord Salisbury to preserve the ancient privileges of the Cinque Ports, and in his subsequent speech the new Lord Warden pledged himself to do so. The picturesque ceremonial of bygone days being ended, the distinguished company adjourned to a banquet, and Lord Salisbury afterwards returned to Walmer Castle, the Lord Warden's official residence.

## THE TROUBLE IN CRETE.

The Cretan revolt, involving the whole question of the position of the Ottoman Empire, is more than ever the topic of discussion among European diplomatists, especially those of Austria and Germany; and the Sultan has to encounter urgent representations made by the Ambassadors at Constantinople. No more is said of the proposed joint blockade in his favour declined by England. The Greek Government has been induced to request the Cretan insurgents not to proclaim the annexation of their island to Greece. On Monday last there was a conflict at Malevisi, where thirty Mussulmans were killed and about a dozen Christians. The insurgents have fortified a central position in Apokorona, and the revolt is spreading.

## THE LATE SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

Too late for notice in our present issue, the funeral of the late Sir John Millais took place on Thursday last at St. Paul's Cathedral, where but a few months ago he himself assisted at the laying to rest of his dead friend and predecessor in the Presidency of the Royal Academy, Lord Leighton. Elsewhere in our columns we give a sketch of the late President's career, with an appreciation of his art. For our Illustrations representing Sir John Millais and Mr. Bright, and Sir John Millais as an angler, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Rupert Potter, who kindly placed at our disposal the original photographs taken by himself when Sir John Millais and Mr. Bright were his guests at Dalguide House, Perthshire.



THE LATEST STAGES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION: MAP SHOWING DR. NANSEN'S COURSE AND THE RELATIVE ATTAINMENTS OF PREVIOUS EXPLORERS.

See page 229.

on the little folks connected with the household. The books he received from Mr. Gladstone were carefully taken in charge by an attendant, and no doubt they will be greatly treasured as memorials of his visit to Hawarden. What were the volumes? Of course they were the set of Mr. Gladstone's works which were published with much success some years ago. Li-Hung-Chang, if he keeps a diary of his European trip, will fill several pages about Hawarden. He would contentedly have stayed for a longer talk, but time pressed, and anyhow he had made acquaintance with a great contemporary of the West.

Li-Hung-Chang's most important engagements in London before he left for the provinces included visits to the Bank of England, the General Post Office, the Docks, the Maxim Nordenfeldt Works at Erith, and the great Cable Works at East Greenwich. From Hawarden he went to Barrow, then to Glasgow, the Forth Bridge, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and Elswick, returning to London at the end of the week and sailing for America en route to China.



## YACHTING DISASTER.

The Regatta of the Royal Portsmouth Albert Yacht Club, at Southsea, on Tuesday, its second day, was marred by a sad misfortune, causing the death of a German nobleman, Baron von Zedtwitz, of Saxony, owner of the small "twenty-rater" yacht *Isolde*, which sailed in a race with five other yachts of the same class. The larger and more powerful yachts, including the German Emperor's *Meteor*, the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, the *Satanita*, and the *Ailsa*, sailed in another race. The *Isolde* was caught between the *Britannia* and the *Meteor*, and ran foul of the latter, breaking her mainmast, which fell down with the other spars and the sail. Baron von Zedtwitz, unfortunately, was struck on the head by the falling mainsail boom. He died before he could be landed. The Baron was thirty-eight years of age, resided at Dresden, and had come to England with his brother, staying for a week at Ryde.



Photo West and Son, Southsea.

THE YACHTING ACCIDENT IN THE SOLENT: THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S "METEOR," WHICH COLLIDED WITH THE "ISOLDE."

## PARLIAMENT.

The prorogation was a mild ending of a Session which had some stormy moments. With much discretion Ministers managed to get out of their little difficulty with the House of Lords. The Commons disagreed with the most important amendments made by the Lords on the Land Bill, and when that measure returned to the Upper House the only serious fight happened on the clause which included town parks in the operation of the new Act. The Lords had struck out this clause, and the Commons restored it. In the division on this clause the Government secured a majority of six—seventy-four votes to sixty-eight. In the Commons the Indian Budget gave rise to the usual perfunctory debate. Sundry inanimate grievances were paraded, and then the ceremony of prorogation relieved a jaded Parliament of a Session which has been unwontedly rich in the unexpected.



Photo West and Son, Southsea.

THE YACHTING ACCIDENT IN THE SOLENT: BARON VON ZEDTWITZ'S "ISOLDE."



## THE LATEST STAGES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Out of the silence and the mystery of three long years—out of that great unknown area which lies frozen around the Pole—Frithjof Nansen, the gallant Norwegian, has suddenly and unexpectedly, and in a most surprising manner, emerged. He himself told us that we were not to be anxious even if it were five years before we heard from him, seeing that his project was to drift with the Polar current which he believed existed across the North Polar regions, and south again along the east coast of Greenland. Anxiety and doubt, however, were not to be allayed, particularly in the hearts of his more immediate relatives and friends.

Still, here he is; back again in all his old familiar vigour of frame and ardour of spirit, restored to the world of science, which looks for records unique and valuable from his experiences, and to the greater world of all those who can admire endurance and sacrifice for an ideal.

During the last few days the papers have been full of details, interviews, and reports, and it has been frequently stated that Nansen had failed, in that he had not reached the North Pole. Others have pointed out that he has not failed, in that his object was not to reach the North Pole (that mathematical point in which the axis of our globe has its northern termination), but to explore the unknown Polar area. It is worth stating, however, at the beginning of this brief article, that though Nansen has come short of his own object his expedition has nevertheless been a great geographical success. In his lucid address before the Royal Geographical Society in November 1892, in which he laid down his alluring programme, Nansen made it abundantly clear to all who followed him closely that although he did not consider the actual reaching of the Pole to be essential to the success of his expedition, yet the great object of his voyage was to compass the crossing of the North Polar region; to enter it from off the coast of Siberia, and to go out of it on the American side. In that he has not done this—in that he has reached his highest point while yet on this side of the North Pole, he has in a measure come short of the object he placed before himself; but in having navigated a ship farther north than any ship has ever yet been impelled by man (for Sir George Nares, who previously held the record, reached 82 deg. 24 min. in the *Alert*), and in that he has himself, by sledging across the Polar pack, gone a distance of 170 geographical miles farther north than has ever been previously attained, Nansen may properly be considered to have achieved a great Arctic success, and brought the record to a point which it will require the highest pluck, the greatest labour, or the happiest fortune to surpass.

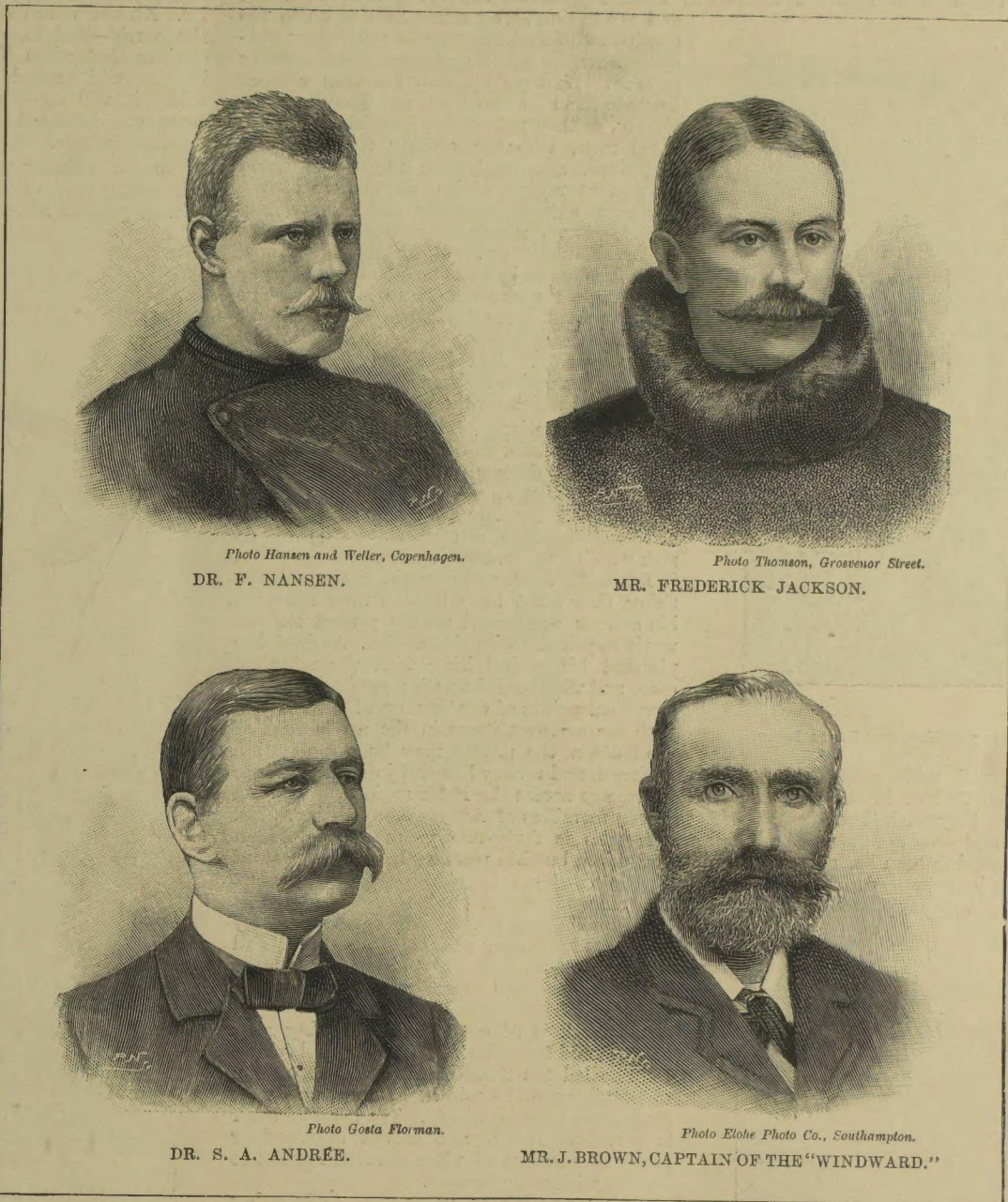
Moreover, since he has drifted in his ship or marched on the ice from 133 deg. 37 min. E. long. to 55 deg. E. long., he has passed over a great part of the girth of the Eastern Polar Sea, and is able to tell us of the distribution of land and

water, climatic conditions, the ice movements and currents, and the general geographical character of that large area. This point has not been generally noted, but it is worthy of attention, that he might have gone north to his present limit and almost due south again without being able to tell us much of the unknown Polar region; but seeing

whim, likely enough to commend itself to the pure man of science, but unlikely to be put into action when the strenuous toil of actual exploration had begun. Yet this was not the case; the electric light generated by his windmill fulfilled his expectations, and it is easy to conjure up a vision of the gallant Norwegians, when

the wind failed and the sails of the windmill flapped uselessly, going forward to the capstan on the deck, and beginning to tramp round and take that regular exercise to which Nansen looked as a means for the preservation of their health.

Another picture. It is March 14th of last year. The *Fram* has slowly drifted until she has reached a point farther north than any ship has previously reached, but the direction of her drift is westerly, always westerly, and there is little or no prospect of her coming near to the North Pole. Nansen steps over the side of the *Fram* with his companion Johansen, each with his little skin canoe for use in open water, and accompanied by twenty-eight dogs to pull their three sledges. The dogs had food for thirty days, the men for one hundred. When the dogs' food failed a dog was to be killed to satisfy his fellows; when the men's food came to an end some Arctic gulls or a bear or a walrus or a seal, if they were fortunately at hand, were to be the sole source of supply. Sverdrup, that powerful, plucky Scandinavian, who did such good work in the first crossing of Greenland, was left in charge of the *Fram* and her crew;

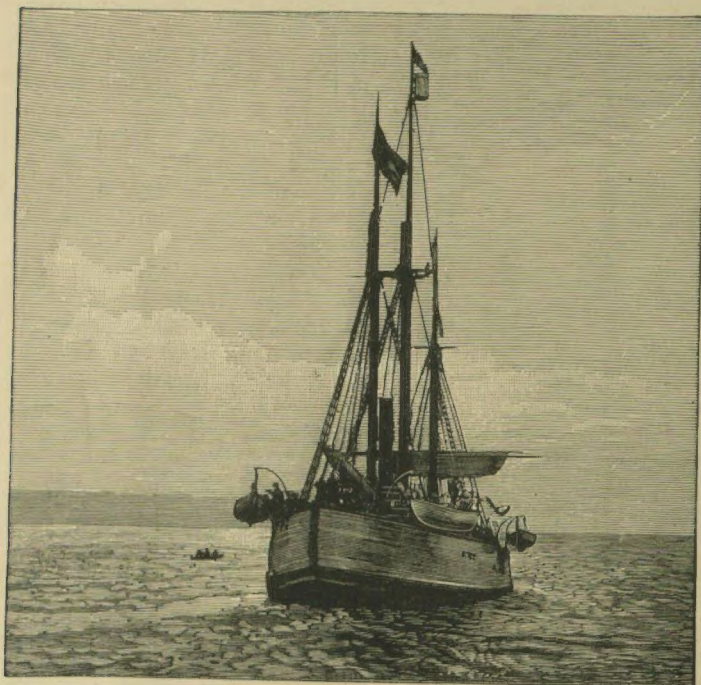


BEAR CORNER AND CAPE FLORA, WHERE DR. NANSEN MET MR. JACKSON  
AND WAS TAKEN ON BOARD THE "WINDWARD."



Nansen and his companion were to set out alone, and were not to be looked for again. Surely this was the most heroic moment of those three long years!

Then there followed a remarkable foot journey over ice, continually getting more rugged and more impossible—over ice which ever and again was rent



THE "FRAM,"

DR. NANSEN'S VESSEL, NOW ENDEAVOURING TO CROSS THE UNKNOWN POLAR BASIN.

asunder at the travellers' feet to spread wide gulfs of water before them! Yet, whether on foot or in the light, frail skin canoes of the Greenlander, they pushed on steadily until they had gone one hundred and seventy miles north of their ship, until they were compelled to turn back by obstacles insuperable. And the return journey was not less wonderful, for it first took them across a great space of



MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH'S "WINDWARD,"  
WHICH BROUGHT BACK DR. NANSEN.

the unknown Arctic world, and, after travelling for more than five months upon the pack, they reached Franz Josef Land—reached a spot within a few miles of which, four months before, Mr. Jackson had arrived and raised a cairn. Knowing nothing of this, however (or it is possible they would have passed southward to Elmwood, the headquarters of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition), they made up their minds to winter. Here, at last, was land in place of the treacherous ice-pack. So they built a rude hut of stones and earth and moss and covered it with a roof of rough pieces of walrus hide. Here they remained for ten months, their only food being half-cooked bear's flesh and blubber, their bedding a pile of bear-skins. But the winter passed well, and both were strong in health and stronger yet in hope.

One more picture, and the story is told for the present. A few months afterwards, in June, Dr. Nansen and his companion have come south along the eastern part of Franz Josef Land. They have left the land, and they have taken to the ice-pack again. Once more over this treacherous ice are they going westward, in the hope that they will reach Spitzbergen. Misled

by the inaccuracies of an old map, and with their chronometer watches useless, they are unable to say where they are. But now, when they have left the land behind them and are out on the ice away to the south of Cape Flora (where the substantial headquarters of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition are lying snow-covered), and are toiling along some three miles to the south-east of that great white cape, they suddenly hear the barking of dogs and the voices of men. Looking up, they see men coming towards them—white men, not Esquimaux—clearly, as they get nearer, Englishmen. Yet these men, who are coming from opposite directions, separated from the whole world by a great region of ice, alone here at the northern extremity of the globe, have met before. Mr. Jackson reaches out his hand to Dr. Nansen, and not for the first time, though Nansen has not heard of his journey North on a venture similar to his own. The moment must have been one which can be only adequately described by those who met thus strangely. And it is well described in the telegram which Jackson sent to Mr. Harmsworth, and which all the world has read.

By a peculiarly interesting coincidence Dr. S. A. Andrée, the Swedish aeronaut, has planned his daring balloon voyage to the North Pole just as the world is ringing with the news of Dr. Nansen's exploits. There can be no question, of course, as to the terrible risk which Dr. Andrée is about to run; but if foresight, skill, and experience can do anything, they must have by this time rendered his balloon equipment nearly perfect for the work required to be done. Dr. Andrée has planned his undertaking with the minutest care, and whether it be with regard to the geographical points of vantage, or whether it deal with the smallest items in the mechanism of the balloon, the public may be quite certain that thought, science, and money have all joined to produce a successful air voyage across the Polar regions.

There are three members of Andrée's expedition. Dr. Andrée himself, who is forty-one years of age, is an engineer by profession, but has recently held an important Government post in Sweden. He stands well over six feet high, and is magnificently built. The second member of the expedition is Dr. Eckholm, who is nearly fifty years of age, and of slight build and medium height. As a doctor of science more especially devoted to meteorology, he has long been well known, and that his interest in Arctic work is of considerable standing may be gathered from the fact that as far back as 1882 he led the Swedish scientific expedition to Spitzbergen, in which, curiously enough, Andrée was a subordinate. The third member is Mr. Strindberg, who is not twenty-four years of age, but who has devoted himself to science with some success.

For a number of years Dr. Andrée has been a balloonist, and a balloonist with special experience of long voyages. He has made a great number of ascents, and nearly all of them for experimental purposes. It was only recently, however, that he turned his attention to the possibility of reaching the Pole in a balloon. When he published his plans and supported them by arguments which had been well thought out and tested by experiment, he had no difficulty in obtaining the necessary financial support. Mr. Alfred Nobel, the well-known Swede, gave him £3500, while the King of Sweden and Baron Oscar Dickson each added £1700.

The balloon, which cost £2000, is about seventy-five English feet in height from the opening of the balloon proper to the top, and, roughly, a hundred feet high from the top to the bottom of the basket. It is made of three thicknesses of silk held together with varnish and overlaid with two coats of varnish.

Although this balloon may be regarded as being in almost every respect a novelty, the most striking characteristic is the guiding and steering apparatus. This apparatus, to describe it in brief, consists mainly of three guiding ropes of different lengths, the shortest being about 1000 ft. and the longest about 1200 ft. in length. These ropes hang from the bearing-ring just above the car and drag

along the earth or ice. The idea of having different lengths of rope is that in case one of them got foul of some object, the others should run free. These guiding ropes drag after the balloon, and are shifted by the voyager as he wills so that their weight and hold on the balloon shall affect its course in one direction or another. It is Dr. Andrée's intention to keep about 500 ft. above the earth—that is, of course, on the average; for it is obvious that when the weather is bright and warm the balloon will ascend a little, while when it is dull and colder it will come nearer the earth. Still, the guide-ropes are intended to prevent its ascending above a certain altitude.

To the ordinary person, however, the car is the most interesting part of the whole thing. It is only about 5 ft. deep and a little over 6 ft. in diameter. It is covered



DR. ANDRÉE ON THE CAR OF HIS BALLOON.

with a lid of basket-work, and in the lid there is a trap-door to allow the explorers to pass through. One man will sleep at a time, while the others are at work and at watch. The latter stand upon the lid, partly screened from the bitter wind by canvas. At about the height of their waists there is a large ring of about the same diameter as the car, and on this are firmly fixed the scientific instruments of the expedition. In fact, while they stand on the lid of the car, watching their progress through the air, they are at the same time standing in the middle of their observatory recording whatever there may be to note. The venture has been called a foolhardy one, but the same epithet may be applied to most Arctic explorations, and until its result is known it is hard to say what such courage as Dr. Andrée's may not accomplish.

The steamer *Windward*, of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, with Dr. Nansen on board, arrived at Hammerfest, Norway, on Tuesday, and there met the *Otaria*, Sir G. Baden-Powell's yacht, with the members of the British astronomical eclipse observing expedition from Nova Zembla; these have obtained good photographs of the eclipse. Sir Martin Conway's exploring party from Spitzbergen, in the *Lofoden*, arrived at Hammerfest on the same day. The latest rumours concerning Dr. Andrée's daring scheme have been of a conflicting nature, but those who know him are confident that he is not easily to be baffled.



DR. ANDRÉE AND HIS COMPANIONS LEAVING GOTHENBURG FOR SPITZBERGEN ON BOARD THE "VIRGO."



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, is accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, came to visit her Majesty on Friday, and stayed till Monday afternoon.

The Prince of Wales, after visiting Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark at Sandringham last week, left

The German Emperor and Empress have returned from Wilhelmshöhe, Cassel, to their palace at Potsdam. Lieutenant-General von Gossler is appointed Prussian Minister of War. Two German ironclads have successfully passed the Holtenau lock of the Baltic and North Sea Canal.

The Prince of Naples, heir to the Crown of Italy, is announced to be about to marry Princess Helena of Montenegro. He has gone to Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, with her brother, Prince Danilo, to visit the reigning Prince, Nicholas, father of his intended bride.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has established a standing army. This imitation of the great military systems of the Continent seems almost superfluous, as the Montenegrins are fighters to a man, and the whole male adult population is ready on an emergency to take up arms. Perhaps Prince Nicholas is meditating the possibility of contributing a Montenegrin contingent to any uprising in South-Eastern Europe against what is left of the domination of the Turk.

The dates of the Czar's intended tour, with his consort, to visit the chief Sovereigns

and Courts of Europe have been published at St. Petersburg. Their Majesties will be at Vienna on Aug. 25, will return to Kieff for a Russian local festival, and there will also be the dedication of the new memorial cathedral of St. Vladimir in the capital. They will immediately afterwards go to Berlin for two or three days; to Copenhagen, and thence by sea to visit our Queen at Balmoral. They will make a longer stay in Paris, and will sojourn at Darmstadt before returning to Russia in October.

The British-Egyptian military expedition up the Nile seems now preparing for the further advance towards Dongola, as the wind is changing, the river is rising, boats are coming up to Kosheh; an iron steamer, constructed in sections, was brought up by railway on Saturday; and other steamers have passed the Great Gate of the Second Cataract at Gemai after being delayed some days. Many fugitives from Dervish oppression come down to the camps for protection, complaining terribly of the cruelties of the Baggara tribe, the Khalifa's native allies.

In South Africa, the Matabili rebels being now closely confined by the patrols and forts surrounding them to the Matoppo Hill district, endeavours will be made to persuade them to surrender, for which purpose Mr. Colenbrander,

successfully attacked Mr. Thomas's party, who were building a fort. Major Ridley, with Hussars and Mounted Infantry, assisted by eight hundred friendly natives, has gone down to meet them.

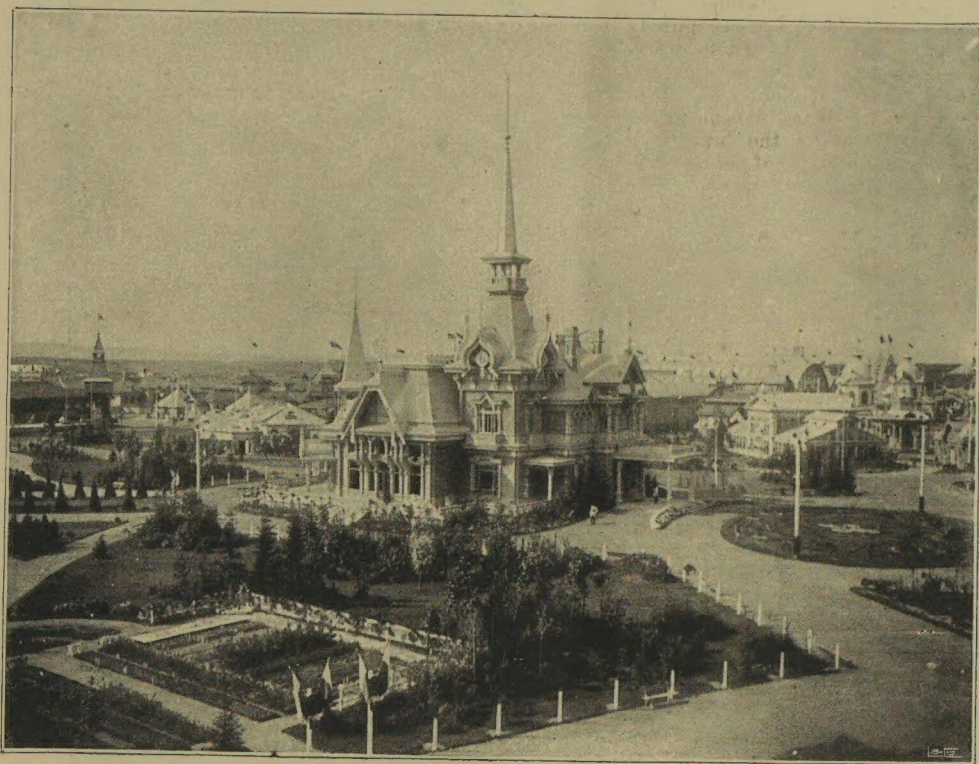
General Baratieri, the unfortunate officer who commanded the Italian forces when they were badly beaten by the Negus of Abyssinia, is spending his enforced leisure in retirement. A curious illustration of his unpopularity is reported in the French papers. At one time a great many pipes bearing his head on the bowl were used by his countrymen. The manufacture of these has ceased, and possessors of the Baratieri pipes are at considerable pains to hide them.

The first public appearance of the "Boy Orator of Nebraska" in New York was far from successful. Mr. Bryan read a long and tedious manuscript, and his audience, who had expected great things after his famous speech at the Chicago Convention, were much disappointed. Mr. Bryan's critics say that the Chicago speech was a well rehearsed effort, because it had actually been delivered several times before it roused the democratic delegates to enthusiasm. To all appearance Mr. Bryan is a man of one speech, and his oratory is so little alarming to the "gold bugs" of New York that since his advent there the price of American securities has gone up. On the other hand it is fair to remember that the West does not judge Mr. Bryan by the estimate of him in the East.

## THE CZAR AND CZARINA AT THE NIJNI-NOVGOROD EXHIBITION.

The sixteenth Pan-Russian Industrial and Art Exhibition, opened in May, and which has just been honoured by a visit from their Imperial Majesties the Czar and Czarina, is held for the first time in that quaintest of quaint towns, Nijni-Novgorod, though, to be quite accurate, the exhibition is not in the town proper at all, but on the outskirts of that parish known as the Fair District, the town being on the opposite bank of the Oka. Early on July 17 (Russian style) the strains of the Russian National Anthem and the clanging of hundreds of church bells informed all whom it might concern of the arrival of their Majesties, for whose reception active preparations had been made in the shape of triumphal arches and all kinds of decorations. On alighting from the train the imperial pair were received by General Baranoff, Governor of Nijni, several of the Ministers, representatives of the various districts of the Government, and a body of the principal Russian merchants. As they passed through the gaily decorated streets on their way to the Kremlin, they were met by a procession of priests bearing crosses and flags; having stopped to acknowledge their greeting, their Majesties continued their way to the Kremlin, going straight to the Cathedral of the Transfiguration, where Archbishop Vladimir, proceeded to hold a thanksgiving service. After luncheon the ringing of church bells announced that their Majesties had left for the exhibition.

Hither, at half-past two, the special guard of honour, composed of the sons of the principal merchants of Moscow and Nijni, had repaired, stationing themselves in two rows at the entrance of the Central Building to await the Emperor's arrival. Their costumes, expressly designed for the occasion by Vasnetzoff, the Russian artist, consisted of long white cloth coats bordered with ermine, the high collars being trimmed with gold lace and lined with red silk, brown velvet blouses, white kid boots, and caps of white cloth with band of ermine, and handsome jewelled aigrettes. The idea of the costume was taken from that worn by the Rindas, sons of the Boyars or feudal lords of Russia, in olden times; and as the "Guard" marched by, the magnificence of their costly garb and glittering jewels lent additional interest to the general spectacle.



THE NIJNI-NOVGOROD EXHIBITION: THE CZAR'S PAVILION.

Marlborough House on Aug. 12 for Homburg, where he arrived on Friday. He was visited next day by his sister the Empress Frederick of Germany, with the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece.

The Princess of Wales arrived from Munich, on Friday evening, at Gmünden, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

The Duke of York has been visiting the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey.

Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador at Vienna, has been appointed to succeed Lord Dufferin at the Paris Embassy; and Sir Horace Rumbold, Ambassador at the Hague, is to go to Vienna.

The Home Secretary and Lady Ridley have sustained a melancholy bereavement. Their eldest daughter, who was only nineteen, became suddenly ill, and died soon afterwards from the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain.

The Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of the British Government for South Africa, Lord Rosmead, better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, left England on Saturday, on his return to Capetown.

A serious riot and conflict between mobs of Irish Nationalists and Orangemen took place at Belfast on Monday, occasioned by a meeting and procession to celebrate the release of Daly and several other Fenian convicts. There was some fighting with sticks and stones and the spears of the bandsmen in Cromac Square, May Street, and Donegal Place, until the rioters were dispersed by the police. A dozen persons more or less hurt were taken to the hospital.

Earl Compton, M.P., at the close of the Session, kindly invited all the police, messengers, and doorkeepers of the House of Commons to visit his beautiful mansion, Compton Wynyates, near Kineton, Warwickshire. They went, to the number of about sixty, headed by Mr. Wilson, chief doorkeeper, and Mr. Horsley, Chief Inspector of Police, on Monday last, were treated most hospitably, and enjoyed a very pleasant day.

The inquest on the death of Mr. Temple Edgecombe Crozier, an actor at the Novelty Theatre, Great Queen Street, who was inadvertently stabbed with a dagger used in the play by Mr. Wilfrid Moritz Franks, resulted on Saturday in a verdict of death by misadventure, the jury expressing their opinion that such dangerous weapons ought not to be used on the stage. On Tuesday the magistrate at Bow Street Police Court ordered Mr. Franks to be discharged, saying there was no proof of culpable negligence.

The President of the French Republic, on his return from his tour in Brittany, visited the Exhibition at Rouen on Saturday, and went thence to his own home at Havre.

A Malagasy Prince has arrived in France accompanied by one of those "bons clergymen" who, according to one of the Paris journals, are the "worst enemies" of France. The Prince probably thinks that now his country has been annexed by the invader he is sure of civil treatment in the suzerain country. He will learn with surprise that some of the French journalists are amiably urging the Government to throw him into prison, on the pretext that he and his people offered resistance to the French arms. This chivalrous idea is not likely to commend itself to M. Faure's advisers.

Paris has lost one of her most renowned citizens. This is Félix Potin, the great *épicer*, whose groceries are indispensable to the comfort of every well-ordered Parisian household. He even gave a new word to the French language, for a particular kind of spiced gossip has long been called a *potin*. Félix was famous for his charitable disposition. He employed a great number of people. He was always full of benevolent projects for their welfare.

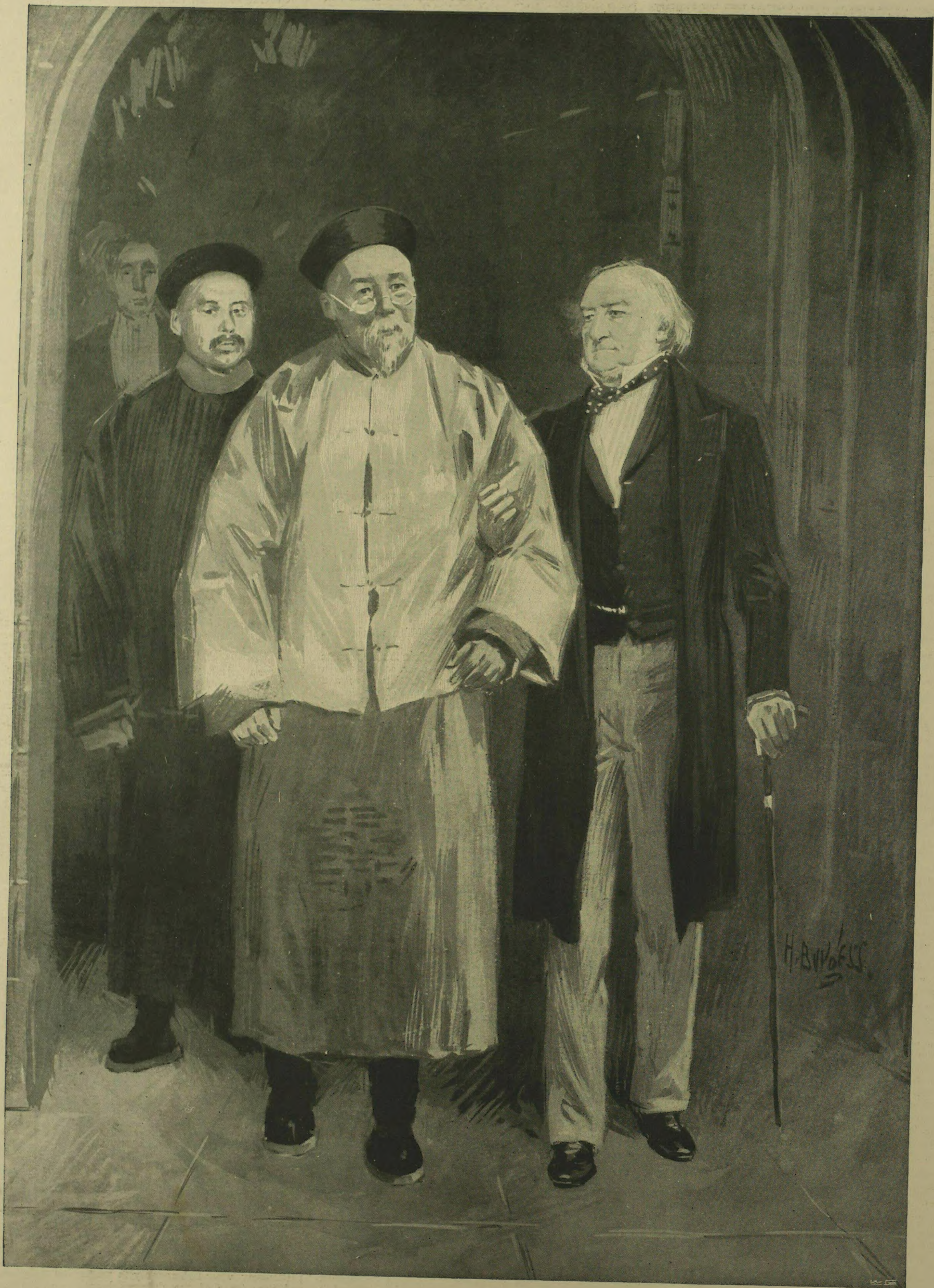


THE NIJNI-NOVGOROD EXHIBITION: THE CZAR AND CZARINA WATCHING THE BALLOON ASCENT.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and Dr. Sauer recently set forth from Buluwayo. The Matabili old woman captured, the widow of the old great chief Umsilikatze, has been taken back to the kraal of her people and released, giving her white flags and instructions to tell them of the terms of pardon for those who will submit and lay down their arms. Three hundred from the Inseza and Bembesi districts had surrendered on Aug. 10. The strongholds of the chiefs Makavulu and Umlugulu have been given up, but Makoni seems determined to fight again. To the west of Buluwayo, on the Gwaai river, three hostile "impis"

This being the present Czar's first visit to an exhibition in his own domains of the produce of his possessions, he particularly wished thoroughly to understand the extent and importance of the different branches of industry represented; therefore, setting aside all ceremony except the absolutely essential, during the three days' stay in Nijni he and the Empress were conducted through the various buildings by those competent to furnish any explanations required. The festivities were brought to a close with the large ball given by the merchants, which the Czar and Czarina honoured with their presence.

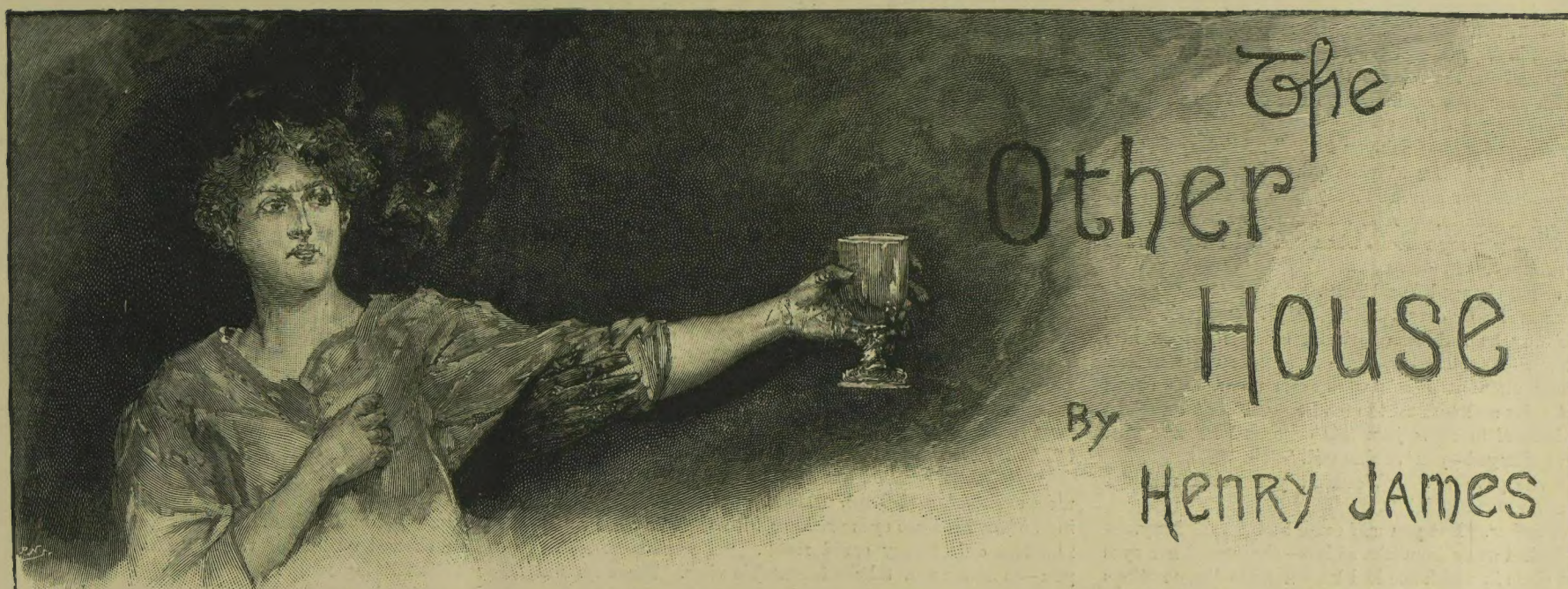




LI-HUNG-CHANG'S VISIT TO MR. GLADSTONE AT HAWARDEN CASTLE.

"Li-Hung-Chang descended the hall steps leaning on the arm of Mr. Gladstone and one of his suite. The comparison between the activity of the Grand Old Man of China and the Grand Old Man of England was very marked. Mr. Gladstone, though ten years the senior, exercised the greatest care in escorting his visitor."—SEE PRESS.





ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

## XX.

Something strange occurred for Tony Bream as he listened to the words in which Jean Martle dispelled such obscurity as had hitherto attached to her position—something consisting of the fact that though half an hour before he had not felt the want of the assurance he had just asked of her, yet now that he saw it definitely withheld it took an importance as instantly as a mirror takes a reflection. This importance was so great that he found himself suddenly scared by what he heard. He thought an instant, with intensity. "In spite of knowing that you'll disappoint"—he paused a little—"the universal hope?"

"I know whom I shall disappoint; but I must bear that. I shall disappoint Cousin Kate."

"Horribly," said Tony.

"Horribly."

"And poor Paul—to within an inch of his life."

"No, not poor Paul, Mr. Bream; not poor Paul in the least," Jean said. She spoke without a hint of defiance or the faintest ring of bravado, as if for mere veracity and lucidity, since an opportunity quite unsought had been forced upon her. "I know about poor Paul. It's all right about poor Paul," she declared, smiling.

She spoke and she looked at him with a sincerity so distilled, as he felt, from something deep within her, that to pretend to gainsay her would be in the worst taste. He turned about, not very brilliantly, as he was aware, to some other resource. "You'll immensely disappoint your own people."

"Yes, my mother and my grandmother—they both would like it. But they've never had any promise from me."

Tony was silent a while. "And Mrs. Beever—hasn't she had?"

"A promise? Never. I've known how much she has wanted it. But that's all."

"Ah, that's a great deal," said Tony. "If, knowing how much she has wanted it, you've come back again and again, hasn't that been tantamount to giving it?"

Jean considered. "I shall never come back again."

"Ah, my dear child, what a way to treat us!" her friend broke out.

She took no notice of this; she only went on: "Months ago—the last time I was here—an assurance, of a kind, was asked of me. But even then I held off."

"And you've gone on with that intention?"

He had grown so serious now that he cross-questioned her, but she met him with a promptitude that was touching in its indulgence. "I've gone on without an intention. I've only waited to see, to feel, to judge. The great thing seemed to me to be sure I wasn't unfair to Paul. I haven't been—I'm not unfair. He'll never say I've been—I'm sure he won't. I should have liked to be able to become his wife. But I can't."

"You've nevertheless excited hopes," said Tony. "Don't you think you ought to consider that a little more?" His uneasiness, his sense of the unexpected, as sharp as a physical pang, increased so that he began to lose sight of the importance of concealing it; and he went on even while something came into her eyes that showed he had not concealed it. "If you haven't meant not to do it, you've, so far as that goes, meant the opposite. Therefore something has made you change."

Jean hesitated. "Everything has made me change."

"Well," said Tony, with a smile so strained that he felt it to be almost pitiful, "we've spoken of the disappointment to others, but I suppose there's no use in my

attempting to say anything of the disappointment to me. That's not the thing that, in such a case, can have much effect on you."

Again Jean hesitated; he saw how pale she had grown.



*She passed swiftly over the lawn while the three pair of eyes followed her.*



"Do I understand you tell me that you really *desire* my marriage?"

If the revelation of how he desired it had not already come to him, the deep mystery of her beauty at this crisis might have brought it on the spot—a spectacle in which he so lost himself for the minute that he found no words to answer till she spoke again. "Do I understand that you literally *ask* me for it?"

"I ask you for it—I ask you for it," said Tony Bream.

They stood looking at each other like a pair who, walking on a frozen lake, suddenly have in their ears the great crack of the ice. "And what are your reasons?"

"I'll tell you my reasons when you tell me yours for having changed."

"I've not changed," said Jean.

It was as if their eyes were indissolubly engaged. That was the way he had been looking, a while before, into another woman's, but he could think at this moment how exquisitely different Jean's were from those. He shook his head sadly and with all the tenderness he felt he might permit himself to show just this once and never again. "You've changed—you've changed."

Then she gave up. "Wouldn't you much rather I should never come back?"

"Far rather. But you *will* come back," said Tony.

She looked away from him at last—she turned her eyes over the place in which she had known none but emotions permitted and avowed, and again she seemed to yield to the formidable truth. "So you think I had better come back—different?"

His tenderness broke out into a smile. "As different as possible. As different as that will be *all* the difference," he added.

She appeared, with her averted face, to consider intently how much it might in such a case amount to. But "Here he comes" was what she presently replied.

Paul Beever was in sight, so freshly dressed that even at a distance his estimate of the requirements of the occasion was visible from his necktie to his boots. Adorned as it unmistakably had never been, his great featureless person moved solemnly over the lawn.

"Take him, then—*take him!*" said Tony Bream.

Jean, intensely serious, but with agitation held at bay, gave him one more look, a look so infinitely pacific that as, at Paul's nearer approach, he turned away from her, he had the sense of going off with a sign of her acceptance of his solution. The light in her face was the light of the compassion that had come out to him, and what was that compassion but the gage of a relief, of a promise? It made him walk down to the river with a step, quickened to exhilaration; all the more that as the girl's eyes followed him he couldn't see in them the tragic intelligence he had kindled, her perception—from the very rhythm of the easy gait she had watched so often—that he really thought such a virtual confession to her would be none too lavishly repaid by the effort for which he had appealed.

Paul Beever had in his hand his little morocco case, but his glance also rested, till it disappeared, on Tony's straight and swinging back. "I've driven him away," he said.

"It was time," Jean replied. "Effie, who wasn't ready for me, must really come at last." Then, without the least pretence of unconsciousness, she looked straight at the small object Paul carried.

Observing her attention to it he also dropped his eyes on it, while his hands turned it round and round in apparent uncertainty as to whether he had better present it to her open or shut. "I hope you won't be as indifferent as Effie seems to be to the pretty trifle with which I've thought I should like to commemorate your birthday." He decided to open the case, and with its lifted lid he held it out to her. "It will give me great pleasure if you'll kindly accept this little ornament."

Jean took it from him—she seemed to study it a minute. "Oh, Paul, oh, Paul!"—her protest was as sparing as a caress with the back of the hand.

"I thought you might care for the stone," he said.

"It's a rare and perfect one—it's magnificent."

"Well, Miss Armiger told me you would know." There was a hint of relaxed suspense in Paul's tone.

Still holding the case open, his companion looked at him a moment. "Did she kindly select it?"

He stammered, colouring a little. "No; mother and I did. We went up to London for it; we had the mounting designed and worked out. They took two months. But I showed it to Miss Armiger, and she said you'd spot any defect."

"Do you mean," the girl asked, smiling, "that if you had not had her word for that, you would have tried me with something inferior?"

Paul continued very grave. "You know well enough what I mean."

Without again noticing the contents of the case she softly closed it and kept it in her hand. "Yes, Paul, I know well enough what you mean." She looked round her; then, as if her old familiarity with him were refreshed and sweetened: "Come and sit down with me." She led the way to a garden bench that stood at a distance from Mrs. Beever's tea-table, an old, green wooden bench that was a perennial feature of the spot. "If Miss Armiger knows that I'm a judge," she pursued as they went, "it's because, I think, she knows everything—everything except one, which I know better than she." She seated herself,

glancing up and putting out her free hand to him with an air of comradeship and trust. Paul let it take his own, which it held there a minute. "I know you." She drew him down, and he dropped her hand; whereupon it returned to his little box, which, with the aid of the other, it tightly and nervously clasped. "I can't take your present. It's impossible," she said.

He sat leaning forward with his big red fists on his knees. "Not for your birthday?"

"It's too splendid for that—it's too precious. And how can I take it for that when it isn't for that you offer it? How can I take so much, Paul, when I give you so little? It represents so much more than itself—a thousand more things than I've any right to let you think I can accept. I can't pretend not to know—I must meet you half way. I want to do *that* so much—to keep our relations happy, happy always, without a break or a cloud. They *will* be—they'll be beautiful. We've only to be frank. They *are* now: I feel it in the kind way you listen to me. If you hadn't asked to speak to me, I should have asked it myself. Six months ago I promised I would tell you, and I've known the time was come."

"The time is come, but don't tell me till you've given me a chance," said Paul. He had listened without looking at her, his little eyes pricking with their intensity the remotest object they could reach. "I want so to please you—to make you take a favourable view. There isn't a condition you may make, you know, of any sort whatever, that I won't grant you in advance. And if there's any inducement you can name that I've the least capacity to offer, please regard it as offered with all my heart. You know everything—you understand; but just let me repeat that all I am, all I have, all I can ever be or do—"

She laid her hand on his arm as if to help, not to stop him. "Paul, Paul—you're beautiful!" She brushed him with the feather of her tact, but he reddened and continued to avert his big face, as if he were aware that the moment of such an assertion was scarcely the moment to venture to show it. "You're such a gentleman!" Jean went on—this time with a tremor in her voice that made him turn.

"That's the sort of fine thing I wanted to say to you," he said. And he was so accustomed, in any talk, to see his interlocutor suddenly laugh that his look of benevolence covered even her air of being amused by these words.

She smiled at him; she patted his arm. "You've said to me far more than that comes to. I want you—oh, I want you so to be successful and happy!" And her laugh, with an ambiguous sob, suddenly changed into a burst of tears.

She recovered herself, but she had brought tears into his own eyes. "Oh, that's of no consequence! I'm to understand that you'll never, never—"

"Never, never."

Paul drew a long, low breath. "Do you know that every one has thought you probably would?"

"Certainly, I've known it, and that's why I'm glad of our talk. It ought to have come sooner. You thought I probably would, I think—"

"Oh, yes!" Paul artlessly broke in.

Jean laughed again while she wiped her eyes. "That's why I call you beautiful. You had my possible expectation to meet."

"Oh, yes!" he said again.

"And you were to meet it like a gentleman. I might have—but no matter. You risked your life—you've been magnificent." Jean got up. "And now, to make it perfect, you must take this back."

She put the morocco case into his submissive hand, and he sat staring at it and mechanically turning it round. Unconsciously, musingly, he threw it a little way into the air and caught it again. Then he also got up. "They'll be tremendously down on us."

"On 'us'? On me, of course—but why on you?"

"For not having moved you."

"You've moved me immensely. Before me—let no one say a word about you!"

"It's of no consequence," Paul repeated.

"Nothing is, if we go on as we are. We're better friends than ever. And we're happy!" Jean announced in her triumph.

He looked at her with deep wistfulness, with patient envy. "You are!" Then his eyes took the direction to which her attention at that moment passed: they showed him Tony Bream coming up the slope with his little girl in his hand. Jean went down instantly to welcome the child, and Paul turned away with a grave face, giving at the same time another impulsive toss to the case containing the token she had declined.

## XXI.

He directed his face to the house, however, only to find himself in the presence of his mother, who had come back to her tea-table and whom he saw veritably glare at the small object in his hands. From this object her scrutiny jumped to his own countenance, which, to his great discomfort, was not conscious of very successfully baffling it. He knew therefore a momentary relief when her observation attached itself to Jean Martle, whom Tony, planted on the lawn, was also undisguisedly watching, and who was already introducing Effie to the treasure laid up in the

shade of the tea-table. The girl had caught up the child on her strong young arm, where she sat robust and radiant, befrilled and besashed, hugging the biggest of the dolls; and in this position—erect, active, laughing, her rosy burden, almost on her shoulder, mingling its brightness with that of her crown of hair, and her other hand grasping, for Effie's further delight, in the form of another puppet from the pile, a still rosier imitation of it—anticipated quickly the challenge which, as Paul saw, Mrs. Beever was on the point of addressing her.

"Our wonderful cake's not coming out?"

"It's too big to transport," said Mrs. Beever: "it's blazing away in the dining-room."

Jean Martle turned to Tony. "I may carry her in to see it?"

Tony assented. "Only please remember she's not to partake."

Jean smiled at him. "I'll eat her share!" And she passed swiftly over the lawn while the three pair of eyes followed her.

"She looks," said Tony, "like the goddess Diana playing with a baby-nymph."

Mrs. Beever's attention came back to her son. "That's the sort of remark one would expect to hear from *you*! You're not going with her?"

Paul showed vacant and vast. "I'm going in."

"To the dining-room?"

He wavered. "To speak to Miss Armiger."

His mother's gaze, sharpened and scared, had reverted to his morocco case. "To ask her to keep *that* again?"

At this Paul met her with spirit. "She may keep it for ever!" Giving another toss to his missile, while his companions stared at each other, he took the same direction as Jean.

Mrs. Beever, disconcerted and flushed, broke out on the spot to Tony. "Heaven help us all—she has refused him!"

Tony's face reflected her alarm. "Pray, how do you know?"

"By his having his present to her left on his hands—a jewel a girl would jump at! I came back to hear it was settled—"

"And you haven't heard it's not!" Tony anxiously broke in.

"What I haven't heard I've seen. That it's 'not' sticks out of them! If she won't accept the gift," Mrs. Beever cried, "how can she accept the giver?"

Tony's appearance, for some seconds, was an echo of her question. "Why, she just promised me she would!"

This only deepened his neighbour's surprise. "Promised you—?"

Tony hesitated. "I mean she left me to infer that I had determined her. She was so good as to listen most appreciatively to what I had to say."

"And, pray, what had you to say?" Mrs. Beever asked with austerity.

In the presence of a rigour so immediate he found himself so embarrassed that he considered. "Well—everything. I took the liberty of urging Paul's claim."

Mrs. Beever stared. "Very good of you! What did you think you had to do with it?"

"Why, whatever my great desire that she should accept him gave me."

"Your great desire that she should accept him? This is the first I've heard of it."

Once more Tony pondered. "Did I never speak of it to you?"

"Never that I can remember. From when does it date?" Mrs. Beever demanded.

"From the moment I really understood how much Paul had to hope."

"How 'much'?" the lady of Eastmead derisively repeated. "It wasn't so much that you need have been at such pains to make it less!"

Tony's comprehension of his friend's discomfiture was written in the smile of determined good humour with which he met the asperity of her successive inquiries; but his own uneasiness, which was not the best thing in the world for his temper, showed through this superficial glitter. He looked suddenly as blank as a man can look who looks annoyed. "How in the world could I have supposed I was making it less?"

Mrs. Beever faltered in her turn. "To answer that question I should need to have been present at your appeal."

Tony's eyes put forth a fire. "It seems to me that your answer, as it is, will do very well for a charge of disloyalty. Do you imply that I didn't act in good faith?"

"Not even in my sore disappointment. But I imply that you made a gross mistake."

Tony lifted his shoulders; with his hands in his pockets he had begun to fidget about the lawn—bringing back to her as he did so the worried figure that, in the same attitude, the day of poor Julia's death, she had seen pace the hall at the other house. "But what the deuce then was I to do?"

"You were to let her alone."

"Ah, but I should have had to begin that earlier!" he exclaimed with ingenuous promptitude.

Mrs. Beever gave a laugh of despair. "Years and years earlier?"

"I mean," returned Tony with a blush, "that from the



first of her being here I made a point of giving her the impression of all the good I thought of Paul."

His hostess continued sarcastic. "If it was a question of making points and giving impressions, perhaps then you should have begun later still!" She gathered herself a moment; then she brought out: "You should have let her alone, Tony Bream, because you're madly in love with her!"

Tony dropped into the nearest chair; he sat there looking up at the Queen-mother. "Your proof of that's my plea for your son?"

She took full in the face his air of pity for her lapse. "Your plea was not for my son—your plea was for your own danger."

"My own 'danger'?"—Tony leaped to his feet again in illustration of his security. "Need I inform you at this time of day that I've such a thing as a conscience?"

"Far from it, my dear man. Exactly what I complain of is that you've quite too much of one." And she gave him, before turning away, what might have been her last look and her last word. "Your conscience is as big as your passion, and if both had been smaller, you might perhaps have held your tongue!"

She moved off in a manner that added emphasis to her words, and Tony watched her with his hands still in his pockets and his long legs a little apart. He could turn it over that she accused him, after all, only of having been a particularly injurious fool. "I was under the same impression as you," he said—"that Paul was safe."

This arrested and brought her sharply round. "And were you under the impression that Jean was?"

"On my honour—as far as I'm concerned!"

"It's of course of you we're talking," Mrs. Beever replied. "If you weren't her motive, are you able to suggest who was?"

"Her motive for refusing Paul?" Tony looked at the sky for an inspiration. "I'm afraid I'm too surprised and distressed to have a theory."

"Have you one by chance as to why, if you thought them both so safe, you interfered?"

"'Interfered' is a hard word," said Tony. "I felt a wish to testify to my great sympathy with Paul from the moment I heard—what I didn't at all know—that this was the occasion on which he was, in more senses than one, to present his case."

"May I go so far as to ask," said Mrs. Beever, "if your sudden revelation proceeded from Paul himself?"

"No—not from Paul himself."

"And scarcely from Jean, I suppose."

"Not in the remotest degree from Jean."

"Thank you," she replied—"you've told me." She had taken her place in a chair and fixed her eyes on the ground. "I've something to tell you myself, though it may not interest you so much." Then raising her eyes: "Dennis Vidal is here."

Tony almost jumped. "In the house?"

"On the river—paddling about." After which, as his blankness grew, "He turned up an hour ago," she explained.

"And no one has seen him?"

"The Doctor and Paul. But Paul didn't know—"

"And didn't ask?" Tony panted.

"What does Paul ever ask? He's too stupid! Besides, with all my affairs, he sees my people come and go. Mr. Vidal vanished when he heard that Miss Armiger's here."

Tony went from surprise to mystification. "Not to come back?"

"On the contrary, I hope—as he took my boat."

"But he wishes not to see her?"

"He's thinking it over."

Tony wondered. "What then did he come for?"

Mrs. Beever hung fire. "He came to see Effie."

"Effie?"

"To judge if you're likely to lose her."

Tony threw back his head. "How the devil does that concern him?"

Again Mrs. Beever faltered; then as she rose, "Haden't I better leave you to think it out?" she demanded.

Tony, in spite of his bewildered face, thought it out with such effect that in a moment he exclaimed: "Then he still wants that girl?"

"Very much indeed. That's why he's afraid—"

Tony took her up. "That Effie may die?"

"It's a hideous thing to be talking about," said Mrs. Beever. "But you've perhaps not forgotten who were present—"

"I've not forgotten who were present! I'm greatly honoured by Mr. Vidal's solicitude," Tony continued; "but I beg you to tell him from me that I think I can take care of my child."

"You must take more care than ever!" Mrs. Beever pointedly observed. "But don't mention him to her!" she as sharply added. Rose Armiger's white dress and red parasol had reappeared on the steps of the house.

(To be continued.)

## FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The gentle art of making enemies is now, as a rule, practised unconsciously. Much can be attained by anyone who is shy, especially if he be also short-sighted; for shyness is very like arrogance, and short-sight is always mistaken for arrogance. Add a habit of preferring a smart speech to any other consideration, and you need not study the advice of Mr. Whistler. Your enemies are made!

In the last century they went about making enemies deliberately—by aid of the game of Portraits. It was an intellectual game, and there are still people who like to play at "pencil games," but I do not think they play at Portraits. Perhaps it is too dangerous, perhaps it is too intellectual.

You take a sheet of paper and a pen or pencil and write as witty or spiteful a sketch as you can of a friend's character. That is all, and that is enough. Of course the paper was circulated, the author's name was known, and then your friend perhaps replied with a portrait of you; perhaps she chose the dagger or the bowl; perhaps (if you also were a lady) she charmed from you your lover.



"I was under the same impression as you," he said.

Madame du Deffand was great at "Portraits." They say that she became blind—vitriol may have been thrown, or some other lady may have "pyked out her twa grey eyne, put in twa eyne o' tree." Of Madame de Talmond she wrote, "She wants to be loved, but only from vanity; her heart asks for nothing. She is as jealous as she is vain. . . . She is hated and feared by all who are obliged to live with her." Among these was Prince Charlie, and a very pretty life they led each other—and M. de Talmond! "She pleases, she shocks; we love her, we hate her, we seek her, we shun her. It is as if her fickleness were infectious."

How Madame de Talmond must have loved Madame du Deffand! Madame d'Aiguillon "has a twisted nose, and a mouth fallen in, and a wild glare of the eye, yet she is handsome. Her colouring makes up for her want of drawing! She has a vast waist, an enormous bust, and arms to match, yet her air is not heavy; strength takes the place of buoyancy. Her wit is like her face, and is as much out of drawing, and as brilliant: a bouncing activity is her characteristic. . . . Like the last trump, she might waken the dead. . . ." And here I must draw the line!

The Abbé de Vaubrun is "the sublime of frivolity." "He fulfils all the duties of friendship, and attends your deathbed as gaily as your bridal." Madame de Chaulnes

"rushes into an intrigue and out of it in such a hurry as to forget the name—nay, the face—of her lover." Pace only did this lady esteem.

Well, after all this and much more, Hénault said of Madame du Deffand, "never had a woman so many friends—never did woman so well deserve them." She died in her bed, at a great age, heart-broken by the coldness of Horace Walpole.

Would not the Portrait game be a pretty game to revive? A weekly paper, the *Portrait*, might appear. "Portrait of Lady A, by Mr. B." "Portrait of Colonel X, by Lady Z." "Portrait of Mr. K, by himself." "Portrait of Mr. Morley, by Mr. Balfour." "Portrait of Mr. Trott, by Mr. Gunn." How it would sell—illustrated, of course! It would be all delicate personalities and feline endearments. I don't know if Gunn would be very feline, to be sure. But the ladies! I think they would write in it, when one or two had broken the ice. The old Portraits were only handed about in Manuscript.

I once, long ago, tried to start a Portrait Club. Any two members did a portrait of any other member. I and a friend did Mr. Stevenson, *Stefano*: to my horror I found that I had been done (such is the treachery of friendship!) as *Langoroso*? The Portraits were to be read at a dinner, the subject being secured firmly in his chair. *Robusto* was also done. Who was Robusto? I decline to answer. The club never met and dined, but it still seems an agreeable, amicable kind of idea. Perhaps the Omar Khayyám Club might add Portraits to its revels.

Some time since I published here, as a splendid example of impudence, a letter from an American pirate. He had taken my book without asking my leave, and then he wrote his letter. Now he, in his turn, publishes, in the *Critic*, an immense epistle to me. He argues that I would not have given him leave to print if he had asked it, though I assured him that I would have granted permission. Well, I *did* give leave to another American who applied for it. Then he says that, as there were only five hundred copies of the little book, "at a fabulous price" (five shillings, in fact), therefore I "koto" to the wealthy! In the interests of "needy scholars" he thinks himself morally justified in taking my book and selling it to these poor starving wretches, who, one fancies, can get the original French edition for a franc. Perhaps these scholars do not know French. Then he informs me that he will go on taking any of my books, or those of any other English author which he can take and wants to take. He is a kind of noble publishing Robin Hood: he steals from us (the fabulously wealthy authors) and gives (at a reduction, I hope) to his fellow citizens, "who are not all rich amateurs," as we notoriously are. *Eh bien*, five hundred possessors of a crown-piece were the multitude of rich amateurs to whom my publisher appealed.

The reason of these limitations is obvious. There are antiquarian and other curious books of interest to, perhaps, a hundred people. Four hundred more, for mixed reasons, will pay five shillings for a book which will be "rare"; probably they will not use a paper-cutter on its pages. These four hundred make the publication of

some books possible—of some books which could only be vended at a loss if the edition was not professedly limited. I gave the books of the Bannatyne and other clubs as examples. They are very useful: such are Laing's "Works of John Knox," and Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials," and Maxwell of Kirkconnell's "Expedition of the Prince of Wales to Scotland," and dozens of others. Of them my American friend speaks with huge disdain, as not "literature." Probably indeed, it would not pay him to steal the works of John Knox, or the "Memoirs of Lord Ailesbury," yet I do not agree with him that they are not literature.

Many American publishers now (like many British publishers in the past, and probably some in the present) seem to see no harm in anything not forbidden by law in their country. They steal my Christmas books, pictures, and all. This is not delicate, but not to ask leave (in the case of a mere trifle, "with no money in it worth mentioning") does seem to me to be distinctly rude. But my American friend asks what I am complaining of. Why, of his egregious want of manners, in which he announces his determination to persist. He says that, after taking my book, he offered me a *honorarium*. I have no consciousness of any such offer, but, of course, I don't want his "kindly overtures." Habitual piracy blunts the moral feelings, I fear.



# THE LATE SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART. P.R.A.

Of the eight Presidents who have occupied the chair of the Royal Academy Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir John Millais can alone claim to have been great painters, in the fullest sense of the term. West was correct, Lawrence graceful, and Leighton perfect, while of the others little more than the names survive to mark their passing. With Millais, moreover, the traditions of high art, in which imagination goes hand in hand with execution, seem "to have folded their tents and have silently stolen away." The late President, alas! has no peer among the crowd of Academicians who will shortly assemble to elect his successor.

Sir John Millais came of a family long resident in Jersey, of which, by the way, he compiled, or aided in compiling, an elaborate genealogy and history. He himself was actually born at Portland Place, Southampton, on June 8, 1829, but after a few months his mother returned to Tapon, the family home in the Channel Islands; whence, five years later, they migrated to Dinan, in Brittany. Under what impulse or inspiration John Millais first began to draw has not been satisfactorily shown; but before he was nine years old his father brought him to London, and by the advice of Sir M. Archer Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, the lad was at once, in 1838, sent to Sass's Drawing School, and in the same year won the silver medal of the Society of Arts for a drawing from the antique. In 1840 he was admitted, at an unprecedented age, a student at the Royal Academy, where he won successively the Silver and Gold Medals. In 1846, just fifty years ago, his first picture was hung in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, then held in Trafalgar Square. This was "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," a subject which lent itself to brilliant colouring as well as to forcible action. It is worthy of notice that "The Benjamites Seizing their Brides" had been the subject of the Academy picture for the Gold Medal, and by "Elgiva Seized by Odo" he was represented at the Royal Academy in 1847. In all these pictures Millais had introduced more of

the human element than was to be found in the majority of the older painters of his day, with whom such subjects were much in vogue. For Millais, however, it was, in fact, his *Sturm und Drang* period, through

years, without any of those accessories which modern painters seem to consider essential to success. "Isabella and Lorenzo" some twelve years ago was purchased by the Corporation of Liverpool, and is now one of the chief

attractions of the City Galleries. It was followed by "The Woodman's Daughter" (1849), "Ferdinand Lured by Ariel," and "Christ in the House of His Parents" (1850) and "The Return of the Dove," "Mariana" and "Ophelia" (1851), pictures which exasperated those critics who failed to appreciate the quality and purpose of the painter's work, but firmly established Millais' name among those who recognised in the new school the desire to recall to life the dead bones of English art.

The next group of pictures, marking the second stage of his career, extended from 1852 to 1862, and included among others such works as "The Huguenot," "The Proscribed Royalist," and "The Order of Release" (1853), "Autumn Leaves" (1856), "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" (1857), "The Vale of Rest" (1859), "Apple-Blossoms" and "The Black Brunswick" (1860), and "St. Agnes' Eve" (1862). In these, gradual relaxation of the more stringent rules of Pre-Raphaelitism can be traced. The amazing minuteness with which he formerly dealt with details gave place to a summary treatment of everything in his picture apart from the leading

figures. In such works as "The Enemy Sowing Tares," "The Romans Quitting Britain" (1866), Millais seemed to be passing through a crisis of which it was difficult even for his friends to foresee the issue; but he was too great an artist to hesitate long in deciding the direction in which his talents led him. The incontestable merits of his work had, however, been cordially recognised by the authorities of the day, for in 1854, at an earlier age than any painter except Lawrence, he was elected an Associate, and nine years later was made a full Academician.

During these years Millais had from time to time been engaged in portrait-painting—that of his friend



THE LATE SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

which he passed rapidly and escaped unscathed. To Mr. Ruskin is due the reformation in English art; for although it was not until 1848 that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was founded, and although Millais was one of the earlier adherents to its principles, he cannot claim to have been among its forerunners, as were Holman Hunt, D. G. Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, William Fisk, and F. G. Stephens. He, however, identified himself with their views and aims; and the first-fruits of his adherence, "Isabella and Lorenzo," at once obtained for him the notice of the public—not always sympathetic or even intelligent. This picture, like most of his earlier ones, was painted in Gower Street, where he lived for many





SIR JOHN MILLAIS' HOUSE IN PALACE GATE.

Mr. W. Hugh Fenn, painted in 1848, being the earliest, and that of Mr. Ruskin (1854) being the most noteworthy. He had not, moreover, become known as a painter of children until the appearance of "The First Sermon," in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1863, revealed a new phase of Millais' powers, which probably did more to popularise him than his more imaginative works. The titles of these children's portraits are now almost household words. "The Second Sermon" (1864), "Sleeping" and "Waking" (1866), "The Minuet" (1866), "Stella," "Vanessa," and "A Souvenir of Velasquez" (1868) were some of the first, and have become well known through their reproductions in various ways. Down to the very end of his life this form of art had special attractions for Millais, who in this year's exhibition exhibited a boy's portrait which might equally well be described as a souvenir of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The next stage in his road to distinction was the painting of grown-up women. Beginning with fancy subjects, such as "Rosalind and Celia" (1868), "The Gambler's Wife" (1869), "Hearts are Trumps" (1872), it was only in the following year that his fine series of ladies' portraits was fittingly inaugurated by those of Mrs. Heugh and Mrs. Bischoffsheim, and concluded only in the present year with the Marchioness of Tweeddale. The portraits of men had begun even earlier, but his more distinguished sitters, such as George Grote (1871), Sterndale Bennett (1873), and Thomas Carlyle (1877), preceded by some years Mr. Gladstone (1879 and again in 1885), John Bright (1886), Tennyson and Lord Beaconsfield (1881), Cardinal Newman (1882) and the Marquis of Salisbury (1883). For more than a quarter of a century he has produced from year to year most striking works in this branch, the portraits of Mr. Stanley Leighton and Sir Richard Quain, M.D., in the present year's exhibition bearing witness to his sustained mastery of his art.

To landscape painting up to 1870 Millais had only incidentally devoted himself, but in that year "A Flood," pictorially describing a disaster which had occurred in one of the northern

counties, showed that Millais could be as "various" as his great predecessor Gainsborough. His reputation in this line was enhanced by such works as "Chill October" (1871), "Flowing to the Sea" (1872), "The Deserted Garden" (1874), "The Fringe of the Moor" (1875), "Over the Hills and Far Away" (1876), "The Sound of Many Waters" (1876), etc. In these, while aiming in some degree to proclaim himself the disciple of Turner, Millais realised that the breadth of the impression produced was not of necessity lessened by a careful attention to details. In a word he remained throughout his career a true disciple of his first guide in art, Mr. Ruskin, while constantly varying his methods of expressing the beauty of clouds, fields, moorlands, and forests. As a colourist he was without a rival among his contemporaries. A quarter of a century separates "The Order of Release" from "The Yeoman of the Guard," and

on several occasions in the interval he had shown his consummate skill in making harmony reign supreme where in the hands of lesser masters jarring discord would only have been apparent.

In a general review of Sir John Millais' works, of which at least four hundred have been exhibited during his life as an artist—nearly half a century—it is only possible to allude to those which were typical of his various styles. Mention, therefore, should be made of his

excursions into the domain of quasi-historic painting, as in the cases of "The Romans leaving Britain" (1865), "The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh" (1870), and the wholly different but even more popular works, "The Princes in the Tower" (1878) and the "Princess Elizabeth" (1881). In the interval, moreover, he had even dealt tentatively at least with Biblical subjects, as in the case of "Jephthah" (1867) and "Joshua" (1871), the latter depicting the defeat of the Amalekites, under the eyes of Moses, Aaron, and Hur. In addition to his oil pictures, Sir John Millais at various times painted in water-colours, and drew innumerable illustrations in Indian ink, chalk, or pencil for Lord Tennyson's poems, the Parables, "Framley Parsonage," "The Small House at Allington" (two almost forgotten novels by Anthony Trollope), and contributed not a little to establish the early popularity of *Once a Week* and *Good Words* by his pencil.

After leaving Gower Street, where he painted his early pictures, he removed to Cromwell Place, but he passed the last twenty years in a house in Palace Gate—built in accordance with his own instructions—and either here or at Murthly Lodge, his house in Perthshire, he produced the greater number of the pictures by which his reputation as the most popular artist of his day has been firmly established. His great studio at Palace Gate was a unique room in its way; within no other four walls in London, one imagines, did one man make, with the actual labour of his hands, so large an income. It was said to amount in one year to £30,000; but it may safely be taken at an average of half that princely sum over a stretch of years. He had nearly £4000 for "The Princes in the Tower," which had less than a month's work in it; and a proportionate sum for such landscapes as "Chill October." What was Lord Tennyson about when he made his village maiden, dying under "the burden of an honour unto which she was not born," sigh that her husband "were once more the landscape-painter" who won her heart? Why, landscape-painters, like Millais, for instance, who was a landscape-painter only in off moments, make incomes which landowners envy, and live in palaces that compare even with "Burleigh House by Stamford Town." Landscape-painters types of humble but honest poor!—the late Laureate must have lived to renounce such an ideal as that. But the great wealth of Sir John Millais did nothing to rob him of his simplicity of character. He kept to the end of his life the heart of a boy. Great and undisguised pleasure his baronetcy gave him—the first of the kind thus awarded—and so did his election by the unanimous vote of his colleagues to the President's chair at the Academy.

Very generous was Sir John Millais in his general character and in his judgments of his contemporaries. It was one reward of his simplicity that he was able to "live by admiration," and not in youth only, and to express it with directness. He never lost an honest opportunity of giving praise—whether to Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, whose



SIR JOHN MILLAIS IN HIS STUDIO AT PALACE GATE.



work he thought had only to be secretly buried and then discovered and dug out to be hailed as "classic"; or to Lady Butler, the drawing of whose soldiers' heads in particular he extolled; or to F. Walker, Pinwell, and Caldecott, whom he called "very great illustrators"; or to Caton Woodville, with his "marvellous drawings"; or to Sullivan and Corbould, whom he did not scruple to name in the same breath with Charles Keene; "and then Du Maurier—could anything be more charming than his beautiful English women and girls or his fine young athletes and guardsmen?" Vigilant and discriminating he showed himself to be when, in 1863, he was asked by Lord Elcho, before a Royal Commission, to name the outsiders he thought eligible for election as Associates of the Academy, and replied: "Mr. Watts, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Leighton, Mr. Noel Paton, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Linnell, Mr. Woolner, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Anthony." Needless to say, his admiration, almost his veneration, thus early indicated, was given to the end to Mr. Watts, R.A.; and he was warmly attached to Lord Leighton, although circumstances did not bring them into any very close companionship. His comments on Old Masters gave evidence of Sir John's own ideals and of the range of his sympathies. "The Dutch," he is quoted as saying, for instance, "had no love for women. The Italians are as bad. The pictures of women by Titian, Raphael, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Velasquez, are magnificent as works of art; but who would care to kiss such women? Watteau, Gainsborough, and Reynolds were needed to show us how to do justice to woman and reflect her sweetness." The same "modernity" of view marked his opinion, expressed in 1878, that "Meissonier is more complete than any Old Master ever was." Not that this completeness was exactly Millais' own ideal. "I continually see French work," he was accustomed to assert, "of which one can only say, 'I don't see how it can be better,' and yet it is not necessarily Fine Art of the highest order, nor greater than Hogarth, who was innocent of all *finesse* of execution. The question is how hard a man hits, not how beautifully he uses the gloves." In such sentences as these Millais, as we say, revealed himself, and at the same time uttered words of incantation to set walking through the world the ghosts of great controversies that are dead and done with so far as any profit can come from their discussion.

Equally profitless were it here and now to discuss Sir John Millais' own position in the long ranks of artistic fame, or to search for the secret of his amazing success. It is enough to know that for some ten or twelve years he was the most popular artist in England. On the Continent he had such recognition as the bestowal of medals by foreign Academies expresses; but his pictures would not, on the other hand, have fetched in foreign sale-rooms the prices they realised in England, nor did his fame as a portrait-painter, great as it ought justly to have been, attract foreigners to our shores as his sitters. And that fact brings us to the point—that there was something particularly national and English in his genius. In the painting of his countrywomen—whether you want to



SIR JOHN MILLAIS AND MR. JOHN BRIGHT.

kiss them or not, according to his already quoted text—he possessed a charm by which his work in this department may always be known and admired at a glance, as also may his representations of children, which Christmas Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* have made national possessions in a very literal sense of the words. It may be, as a man of letters once said, that in Millais we

were "swindled out of a Rubens." But whatever his insular training may have cost him, it at any rate kept him in constant touch with his own people, and gave to England a painter peculiarly and memorably her own.

The news that Millais had passed quietly away in Palace Gate on the afternoon of Thursday, Aug. 13, came as no surprise to those who had known for some months that he was suffering from cancer in the throat. It is inevitable that optimistic paragraphs about the health of distinguished patients should appear in the newspapers; but ever since the operation of tracheotomy was suddenly performed on Millais last May, his doctors knew that his days were definitely numbered. There was no Academy Banquet this year, nor could Millais have been present at it had there been one; but by a strange chance he did preside over one of those historic feasts, that of last year, in the absence of Lord Leighton. It was noticeable even then that his speeches were somewhat those of a man who felt himself at the end of his career, and whose thoughts were with his past rather than with his present or his future. In proposing the health of the Prince of Wales, the President for the night had only an old memory to fit the toast: the memory that when he and the late Philip Hardwick started the Artists' Orphan Fund, he asked the Prince to preside at its first dinner, which the Prince did, and the result was a subscription of £16,000. Again, in proposing the toast of the Army, Sir John's few words were devoted



SIR JOHN MILLAIS AND HIS FAVOURITE SPORT.



to recalling that "the first time I met Frederick Leighton was on the war-path—a meeting of four or five of the original Artists Volunteers in my studio in Langham Place." The toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers" called forth the observation, "I have painted many of them"; and that of "Music and the Drama" the statement, "I have already spoken for these with my brush, for I have painted Sterndale Bennett, Arthur Sullivan, Irving, and Hare." In reply to his own toast, Sir John at once reverted to the past: "I entered the Antique School of the Royal Academy when I was eleven, and I have risen from stage to stage until I have reached the position I now hold; so that, man and boy, I have been intimately associated with this Academy for more than half a century." And he ended in the same strain of anecdote: "I spoke earlier of my first meeting with Frederick Leighton. Let me tell you where and from whom I first heard of him. It was in the smoking-room of the old Garrick Club, and the man who first mentioned the name to me was William Makepeace Thackeray, just returned from Italy. When he saw me enter the room he came straight up to me and said, 'Millais, my boy, you must look to your laurels. I have met a wonderfully gifted young artist, about your own age, who will some

day be President of the Royal Academy before you.'" An acute student of human nature might have said that these were the speeches of a dying man; and they had, for all who heard them, a hint of pathos which the funerals of the two Presidents in St. Paul's Cathedral have since made clamorous. Even then the voice in which the words were

given by Millais was painfully affected; and he himself had already a secret dread of the existence of the disease for which, just twelve months after, he underwent the operation that marked the beginning of the end.

From that time forward the three months of his life were passed in complete seclusion. He was kept alive—that was all; and his pain was alleviated. His face was changed by the growth of a white beard. He could not talk, even in a whisper. But he was eloquent in his signs, and he liked to listen to such visitors as brought him news of the great world, in which his own activities had been so prominent, and from which he was about to vanish. His wife—he had married in 1853 Euphemia Chalmers Gray, of Perth—and his children, most of whose faces he has made familiar in his pictures, were his devoted attendants; and the sympathy of the public he had done so much to gratify reached his sick bed by many signs to

supplement the proofs of affection and of sorrow that came to him from countless friends. It may be said of him that he died without an enemy, without a detractor even, and that his name is one that will endure in the annals—great in the past and destined, perhaps to be still greater—of his country's art.



ISABELLA AND LORENZO (1849).  
*The earlier manner of Sir John Millais.*



*Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Tate.*

THE NORTH - WEST PASSAGE.  
*The later manner of Sir John Millais.*





THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS DEFENDING THEMSELVES AGAINST AN ATTACK OF THE TURKISH TROOPS IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR CANEA.

*From a sketch by a Naval Officer.*



## LITERATURE.

## TWO NEW BOOKS BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

*The Two Marys.* By Mrs. Oliphant. (Methuen.) Mrs. Oliphant's new book consists of two stories of about equal length. The second is pleasantly stimulating to curiosity, and will no doubt usually be read first. The first has a somewhat dreary atmosphere, and there is not much story. The interest of it lies in the character-drawing of the two women: the men barely enter. Mrs. Oliphant, with admirable impartiality, makes us see each of the Marys from her own standpoint and from the other's. One feels on the whole their entire incompatibility, without Mrs. Oliphant seeking at all to press the point. The girls in "Grove Road, Hampstead," are conventional types. The interest gathers about a rather alarming old lady, and still more, since it can never be satisfied, about the father of the two girls, who goes out of the book with his character and his motives for ever unrevealed. These are good short stories, quiet, harmonious, carefully thought out, and well finished. The style is easy and graceful, but, with a book of Mrs. Oliphant's, that is a foregone conclusion.

Mrs. Oliphant's *Jeanne d'Arc* (J. P. Putnam's Sons) is an unequal piece of work. Here and there, and especially in the last scenes, the author does herself and her noble subject justice; but there are pages upon pages of work of a very disjointed kind. Indeed, Mrs. Oliphant has done her work so hastily that there are no less than two notes explaining in almost identical terms that her people are free of the blood of the Maid of Orleans, and that the expression "our guilt" in the text is a piece of kindly Scottish courtesy. However, the descriptions of the trial and of the martyrdom of the Maid are adequate, which is very high praise; while Mrs. Oliphant's rage against her judges is more than adequate. Perhaps in their day and place she might have been herself implacable, since even in our day she expresses a fervent hope that "the everlasting fires are kept alive for some people in spite of all modern benevolences." After all, there was something to be said—and Mrs. Oliphant herself has unconsciously said it—for the Church's view that "the Voices" were not of God. "The voices of God—how can we deny it?"—are often, though in a loftier sense, like those fantastic voices that keep the word of promise to the ear but break it to the heart. They did not speak to deceive her, but she was deceived; they kept their promise, but not as she understood it. We should side rather with the Church than with Mrs. Oliphant by denouncing such oracles "that palter with us in a double sense" as "juggling fiends." Nor did "the Voices" always keep their promise even to the ear, since they assured the Maid that she was to see the King of England, of whom, by the way, they always spoke "as if he had been a great severe ruler like his father, never as the child he really was."

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

A Gilbertian treatment of the subject of *An Actor's Wooing* (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.) would have been natural and amusing. All the ordinary conditions of wooing are reversed preposterously, while the actor, who is not the wooer, but the wooed, declines the lady's ardent suit for a reason that you would have thought only Mr. Gilbert's whimsical fancy could have conceived. He is as desperately in love with the young lady as she is with him, and the sole objection to the match which even their ridiculous chaperon can urge is that while he earns but £300 a year, she is an heiress. This, however, is not the heroic consideration which makes him twice refuse the lady's proposal. "Money? What money? Ah! yes, I remember. Alice is rich and I am poor. Her parents gave her some money. Mine only gave me muscle to fight for her, eyes to see her, manhood to long for her. No, I was not thinking of money. But, Mrs. Lee, how do you think I'd like Alice to see me trotting an old woman down to dinner on the wrong arm?" As for Mrs. Lee's inexpressibly silly version of the sympathetic chaperon's part, it is as incredible as it is exasperating.

*Crowned with the Immortals* (H. S. Nichols) reminds us of the picture of the field of Waterloo where a lamb is lying in the mouth of a dismounted cannon. It is a tale of the love, life, and death of Camille Desmoulins and of his wife, told in the style of a Sunday-school story. Danton, Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins and the rest prattle through its pages with infantile naïveté. Here is a fair specimen of the conversation at a table where Robespierre, Danton, Brissot, Fréron, and Desmoulins sit with the ladies over their wine. "Did you ever know a cat eat biscuits before?" "I do not think I have." "Well, my cat does." "Where is Pussy?" She is generally in the room." "She is snugly sheltered in the *cour*, taking care of her kittens." "Have you one to spare," asked Brissot," etc., etc. Of course, such namby-pamby conversations did take place occasionally during the Revolution, and even at the tables of its leaders, but they are hardly so characteristic of the time and of the men as to be worth reproducing in a novel. With the roar of the Revolution in our ears, such twitter as, "All this fuss will soon cease," said Marie Antoinette. It did not, and she lost her head," sounds grotesquely thin.

There's nothing needs a lighter hand than a burlesque on gods or saints, and the hand that wrote *Venus and*

*Cupid* (J. M. Dent) is not light. It is an account of a Cook's tour on which Venus, Cupid, Diana, Neptune, Mercury, and Hercules are personally conducted, with the consent of "the old Jew"—i.e., Jupiter. Ganymede fetches Cook's agent on the back of the eagle to Olympus, where he arrives in time to sit down at the banquet of the gods; and a sample of the conversation at this symposium will give the reader a sufficient taste of the quality of the book. "Ambrosia is bear's grease," said Vulcan; "we put it on our hair." "Speak for yourself, you ruffian!" said Juno. "I don't put anything of the sort. I put Macassar oil." "And plenty of it," observed Venus; "enough to grease a cart-wheel." "Or a blacksmith's bellows," retorted Juno. "Come, come!" said Minerva. "These recriminations are unwise. And when we have satisfied our hunger with this curious comestible, what are we supposed to take after it, Sir, by way of washing it down?" "Nectar, Madam." "That's the stuff I give to Cerberus," said Pluto, "when he's got the worms."

The author of *Iona* (Elliot Stock) complains that the poet, unlike the prose-writer, is expected to have a subject—

Who writeth verse  
But writeth for the few. There is some gain  
In prose, but he who maketh verse must have  
A peg whereon to hang his rhymes.

She has supplied the peg, but not the dependent poetry. "Iona" is an interminable poem in blank verse of this

and-ink sketches, rough and ready, of old Victorian worthies, founders of the "squatterocracy" of to-day, and of scenery, life, and adventures in the bush, among the last being perilous encounters with the aboriginal blacks, whose numbers made their hostility and proximity formidable to isolated settlers. There are a few references to Henry Kingsley, which, though scanty, are of some biographical value, since the record of his sojourn in Australia is almost a blank. An interesting description is given of "the most comfortable cottage" in "the most perfect place and homestead in the west," where as the guest of a cultivated and wealthy squatter he wrote that best of all Australian novels, "Geoffrey Hamlyn." Langerwill was the name of the "station" thus distinguished. It will doubtless become the "objective" of many an Australian literary pilgrim.

Mr. Fred T. Jane is a man of many grievances and grudges—against doctors generally and vivisectionists in particular; against the Shylock editors and proprietors of the illustrated journals, and also against their artist-contributors; against R.A.s, and A.R.A.s; and, lastly, against lady novelists. A single specimen of the style of his vituperation, which rather lacks finish, may suffice. The work of the average modern lady authoress he describes as "a mixture of cheap cynicisms and filth"; while the writers themselves are thus delicately hit off by his heroine: "I have read your books, wherein they among you who are too old or too ugly to expose your persons and prance upon the stage, seek the same end and say the same thing" (as their lost sisters of the streets) "and more and worse." But he has over-leaded his bludgeon most of all in the plot of *The Incubated Girl* (Tower Publishing Company, Limited). The atheist vivisector, by the aid of an Egyptian papyrus, plays Frankenstein successfully—manufactures an exquisitely lovely but soulless girl out of a combination of gases. Mrs. Shelley would have made such a being terrible, Mr. Anstey would have made her amusing, but Mr. Jane uses her merely to air his fell rage against persons, professions, and institutions. He makes, in fact, the same homely use of his *deus ex machina* as the Punch and Judy man makes of his puppets—to deal hard knocks all round. Hence the endless inconsistencies of his Undine. The last scene of the book, where she is being vivisected by her creator, is nothing less than a revolting literary outrage.

Mr. John Porter, assisted by Mr. Byron Webber, has produced in *Kingsclere* (Chatto and Windus) a very readable volume, which racing men of thirty or forty years' standing will appreciate the more because it will carry their memories back to the days "when all the world was young." In seventeen brightly written chapters the collaborators, if one may so call them, practically run through the history of racing from the time of Rutaplan and Virago down to the present day. Sir Joseph Hawley appears to have been one of Porter's best friends, and the interesting anecdotes concerning him incidentally introduced by the author in the early part of the work testify to the Baronet's genial nature and inborn generosity. Porter's remarks upon jockeys and jockeyship are sensible and to the point; and, under the heading "Jockey v. Trainer" he is right in pointing out that, whereas the trainer has nearly all the hard work and the anxiety, the jockey alone obtains all the laurels. The editor's notes, which occupy some sixty pages, are not the least interesting part of the work, though there are many who differ from Mr. J. F. Nisbet, author of "Marriage and Heredity," in his belief that "roaring" in horses is not transmitted from one generation to another. The design upon the cover is a work of art.

"Lays of the White Rose" are given by Mr. Nimmo Christie the first place in his graceful and musical *Lays and Verses* (Longmans). But surely poetry enough has been written about "Prince Charlie," and the subject had better be left to Mr. Andrew Lang and his sympathetic prose. The other contents of Mr. Christie's volume are varied, a thoughtful sadness being, perhaps, the prevailing note. His verse is not disfigured by the strained expression and exaggerated sentiment too common among our younger poets. It is often pretty and is never unpleasing.

A pretty little volume of pretty little stories, with illustrations by Sydney Cowell, is added to the "Nautilus" series in *The Little Duchess and Other Stories*, by Ethel Turner, author of "Seven Little Australians" (Ward, Lock, and Bowden). Their slender material is drawn from the middle-class life of an Australian city, and very clever are these modest sketches of it, in which pathos now alternates, now blends with playfulness. The heroine of the tale which gives a title to the volume is not a member of the aristocracy of the Mother-country, but a piquant shop-girl, whose dignity of pose leads her fellow-employé, the shop-cashier—he loves her without return—to call her to himself "The Little Duchess." To screen her from the consequences of a small fraud on their employers, which she has committed to procure herself a ball-dress, he commits one, which is found out, and while she escapes he is sent to jail. On his exit from it he looks for his reward in her love, only to be told by the Little Duchess, "I married the new shop-walker four months ago." Her ability to discover the romantic and the interesting in the seemingly prosaic, and the daintiness of her literary workmanship, ought to ensure Ethel Turner in time a front place among Australian lady novelists.



Photo Mendelssohn, Penbridge Crescent.

## WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XI.—MRS. OLIPHANT.

Mrs. Oliphant, who was known before her marriage as Miss Margaret O. Wilson, is of Scotch parentage, and was born at Wallyford, Midlothian. She published her first novel, "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," before she was twenty-one, and its immediate success induced her to devote herself to literary work. She has since attained a very distinguished reputation as one of the most prolific authors of her time. Many of her novels are noteworthy for their faithful sketches of Scottish life and character, but perhaps her most enduring fame rests on her "Chronicles of Carlingford," a series of stories replete with skilful characterisation, which appeared in the years 1862-66. "Hester," "A Beleaguered City," "Madam," "Kirsteen," "The Cuckoo in the Nest," and many other novels from her pen, have since won much popularity. Mrs. Oliphant has also made a number of important contributions to biographical and historical literature, among them "St. Francis of Assisi," "The Makers of Venice," and "A Literary History of England." Her two most recent volumes are reviewed in these columns.

sort—which is but prose chopped roughly up as it were with a turnip-cutter—

She said, "You are a stranger, Miss, and I have come to see if I could give you help. Have you no friends with whom you'd stay? I fear you've made some great mistake in coming here." Iona said, "I knew no other name, And thought some friend would meet me. Tell me, pray, How shall I find some cheaper lodging than This house must be, to look so grand?"

*Old Melbourne Memories* (second edition, revised. Macmillan) seems to be the first English edition of a book published at Melbourne in 1884, an early work by the author of several stirring Australian fictions, who has adopted the well-known pseudonym, Ralph Boldrewood. His "memories" are not so much of "old Melbourne" as of old Victoria before the gold discoveries and its erection into a separate colony, when its present capital was little more than a village, and the young Rolf was entering on the career of a stockholder and the sole occupier of fifty thousand acres, for which he had paid the modest license fee of ten pounds! The book consists of vivacious pen-



## A LETTER FROM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE SOUDAN.

Since I last wrote I have been up to Abri. We had quite an adventure, which turned out all right, but might have proved disastrous. Garrett, of the *New York Herald*, Gwynne, Sheldon, and myself, all well armed with revolvers, rifles, and plenty of ammunition, and a shot-gun for birds, stocked our boat well and went off for a few days' jaunt. Things went very well indeed. We camped on shore, bivouacking on islands, and shot lots of wild geese, which are very plentiful here, also some sand-grouse. Our runner, Gimmer, a camelman, had gone ahead of us on a swift camel, to buy a fat sheep if he could, and some eggs and fowls, as we are getting rather tired of tinned things and the ration beef, which is generally pretty tough. The man had instructions from us to proceed to Abri, get the aforesaid things, and coast along, keeping a sharp look-out for our boat, as we did not know exactly where the place was. However, it was somewhere on the big bend of the Nile, we knew, though it is not often visited, as all the camel traffic cuts across the desert, saving a distance of twenty miles.

This jolly up-the-river life went pleasantly on for a couple of days. We shot, bathed, and thoroughly gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of our freedom. The third day we came to what we thought must be Abri, but no Gimmer could be seen. While sailing along, we noticed an Arab running across a spit of land, apparently trying to attract our attention. We accordingly stopped and furlled the sail (one only, by-the-by, as our boat is a felucca, built on the model of the old Roman ships, and rigged exactly the same; in fact, some portions are identical with the oldest known descriptions of Roman vessels). Our servant interpreted to us the Arab's information, which was to the effect that there was a soldier in the village nearly dead from wounds. We promptly went up to the village, and found the whole place in commotion, and a Soudanese soldier grinning with pain, torn and bleeding from three or four wounds in his body. We made out from the excited villagers that eight Dervishes had come from Dongola on a scouting expedition. Four had remained

about Suarda, and four came along and attacked the village, and the soldier, who was a patrol, said that they caught him, took his rifle, bandolier, and camel, and stabbed him in four places. His wounds we had to bind up as best we could. One runner, a Rabbabish Arab, had also fired at the Dervishes, and gone off to Amaro, the nearest post, to report the circumstance to the officer in charge. We also sent another man, a runner, in on foot. In the meantime our patient was stripped, and we dressed his wounds and laid him on an amgareet, or Arab couch, that he might rest. We put the place in a state of defence, brought the boat up as close as we could, and posted four sentinels—north, south, east, and west—to keep a look-out for the Dervishes in case they should return. We then sat down to lunch under a clump of date trees. After our meal Gwynne and Sheldon went out with four more Arabs to relieve the sentries. They had hardly gone a minute before the man facing the south, or desert, gave the signal by clapping his hands. Garrett

and I both seized our rifles and went out. We first saw a small group of camels with men on them, far away, coming over the ridge of the desert. Here they come, we thought, but with our rifles and revolvers we did not fear the result.

However, as they came nearer we saw a compact body of men on camels to the left of them, and we recognised the Egyptian cavalry, and the smaller group was what is called a flanking party. The camel corps always marches across the desert about twenty-five or fifty deep, with four flanking parties, one at either corner about a quarter of a mile off, to keep a sharp look-out. As this party arrived we recognised the officer as Captain Wilkinson. He came into our little camp, examined the soldier and people, and decided to take a party across the river to beat up the Dervishes, who, it seemed, had taken to the river and

ridge of the desert on our left flank. After walking for about a mile we saw an old, apparently deserted, fort ahead, half concealed by trees. I told Captain Wilkinson I fancied I saw a man. He said, "Yes, there ought to be someone there; we have a post of friendly Arabs on this side, but as this beat extends fifty miles they might be anywhere." However, we had not gone 500 yards before the ambush proved anything but friendly by opening fire on us. The bullets came whizzing round. Captain Wilkinson remarked, "It's a tough place to turn them out of, but we shall have to do it." I said, "I shall fire at this beggar, I think I could hit him?" But he replied, "No, I cannot help thinking they are our own people." The firing, however, continued, notwithstanding our waving of white handkerchiefs and turbans. Presently one of our soldiers, who seemed

to think we had had quite enough firing at us, returned their fire, and at it they went again more sharply than ever. As we could not return the fire of a friendly force we lay down to await events. The prisoner was told to go forward and tell them we were friends, but he naturally objected. However, our guide, Gimmer, gave him a good thrashing, and he bounded like a deer towards the fort, waving his turban and shouting. At last those in the fort saw that some mistake had occurred and stopped their firing. Captain Wilkinson then called his men together, and we all marched up to the stronghold to find the friendlies standing to attention and in mortal fear lest we should be angry. But we all laughed over the mistake, and a party of them were promptly despatched to hunt the Dervishes away to the south. Our boats, acting under orders, had by this time drifted down to take us and the soldiers on board, and we proceeded across the river to Abri, where we found all well. We stopped some time, but thought it better to go back to Amaro and dine with the officers of the 4th Black Soudanese. There are four white officers, and we had a very pleasant evening together. The following day we also passed with our hospitable friends, and returned the next morning to Kosheh, to find the cholera with us.

The outbreak of the epidemic is less alarming than it might be, from the fact that the Nile water is red and muddy, a sign

that the unhealthy season is over—at least we hope so. Since the cholera broke out the various detachments of soldiers have been sent into quarantine in the desert. There were ten deaths in our two neighbouring compounds, and one camp-follower thought fit to come and die at the back of our encampment, whereupon we were all ordered off into the desert—a precaution which has been proved to have an excellent effect in hindering the spread of the epidemic.

The present campaign has been productive of many striking incidents, none of which have been more full of contrast than the laying of the railway through the battlefield of Ferket, of which I send a sketch. It was a curious sensation to hear the familiar whistle of the engine where so lately the clamour of battle had rung in our ears. My sketch represents the laying of the rails at a point where a strong force of Dervish horsemen was swept down as it was preparing to charge. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

• Captain Fenwick's Tent.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: LAYING THE RAILWAY THROUGH THE BATTLEFIELD OF FERKET.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

disappeared on the other side. As no boats were handy he asked for ours, and we all embarked—that is, the four correspondents, twelve men, a sergeant, and Captain Wilkinson, who left the greater number of his men with the camels. We saw a fellow on the opposite side who disappeared as we landed, but the soldiers soon caught him up and took him prisoner: he gave some confused account of the Dervishes. We also saw the track of camels and a spot marked by fragments of bread, dates, and other remains of a meal which had certainly not regaled our own party. We advanced in skirmishing order along the river. This seems an easy proceeding on Southsea Common, but the bank of the Nile has a fringe of date trees, acacias, and high halfa-grass, growing in clumps, somewhat after the fashion of Indian grass, and the whole tangle of vegetation makes progress slow. Our files of men extended out about 500 yards in line, and we proceeded in this formation, sending out scouts to the



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church papers are still hesitating on the education question. The *Guardian* seems inclining towards a demand for rate aid. The *Church Times* is doubtful. It says that if rate aid is given there should be a general rate aid made by each County Council for all the schools in its area, and the money should be distributed according to the needs of each school, for secular teaching only in Voluntary schools, for all requirements in the Board schools. Rate aid should be rejected if it is to be afforded through the Boards. If rate aid is not asked for, what would meet all difficulties would be the abolition of the 17s. 6d. limit, freedom from local rates, and a fee grant of £1 a head for every child making a reasonable number of attendances. Nothing less than this amount, says the *Church Times*, is of real use, but it shrewdly adds that, "unless the temper of the House, and especially the Unionist side of it, changes between this and January, there will be small chance of getting either State aid or rate aid worth the having." It is threatened that if the Government opinion is really represented by Sir John Gorst, it will soon become time for Churchmen to consider whether and for how long they are to continue their support of Unionism. It may be doubted, however, whether Churchmen will turn out the present Government in favour of an Administration distinctly pledged to Disestablishment.

Canon Benham has gone for his holidays to the Austrian Tyrol, from which he sends one of his genial letters to a contemporary.

Opinions on cycling continue to be freely given by the clergy. The Rev. Edward Husband, in an address at Folkestone, said that it would be a bad day for cyclists if motor machines became general, and they allowed the machines to do the work while they sat upon them. On the advantages of cycling Mr. Husband quoted a poem by the Silvertown boy poet, and committed himself to the extreme prediction that this boy would be the greatest poet of our century.

The Dean and Chapter at Winchester have requested cyclists not to ride through

the Close. A cyclist may walk his machine up to the Cathedral, only he must not ride it. At Lichfield, where the Close is more carefully kept, cyclists, who come in large numbers, are welcome to ride into it and leave their cycles outside the western doors of the Cathedral.

A vigorous campaign in favour of Board schools and undenominational religious teaching is being organised. In this the Liberal schoolmaster members of the House will be largely engaged.

There has been some correspondence on the threatened destruction of St. Mary Woolnoth. It has been stated that land about this church is worth £1,300,000 an acre, and that the site of St. Mary Woolnoth is worth £596,000. It is therefore urged that it should be sold, and at least a hundred other churches built with the proceeds in parts of London where more church accommodation is needed.

Archdeacon Sinclair has gone to spend his summer holiday in Scotland. He is well known as an enthusiastic cyclist.

Dr. Parker is writing a volume of reminiscences in which various Churchmen will figure, including Dean Stanley, the Rev. Henry White, and Bishop Fraser of Manchester.

The Rev. Canon Diggle, of Liverpool, has been nominated Archdeacon of Westmorland and a Canon of Carlisle. He is a brother of the former Chairman of the London School Board.

Complaints are being made by friends of the S.P.G. that it is injured by piracy. "Colonial Bishops or commissaries of Bishops are incessantly pleading for their own individual dioceses, and drawing off money which would otherwise go to the S.P.G. One Colonial Bishop is now touring in England, and pleading for the formation of an association, and while he urges the claims of his diocese, he forgets to mention that he draws £500 a year from the S.P.G. He is acting the pirate, weakening the S.P.G., and thus weakening the cause he seeks to promote." V.

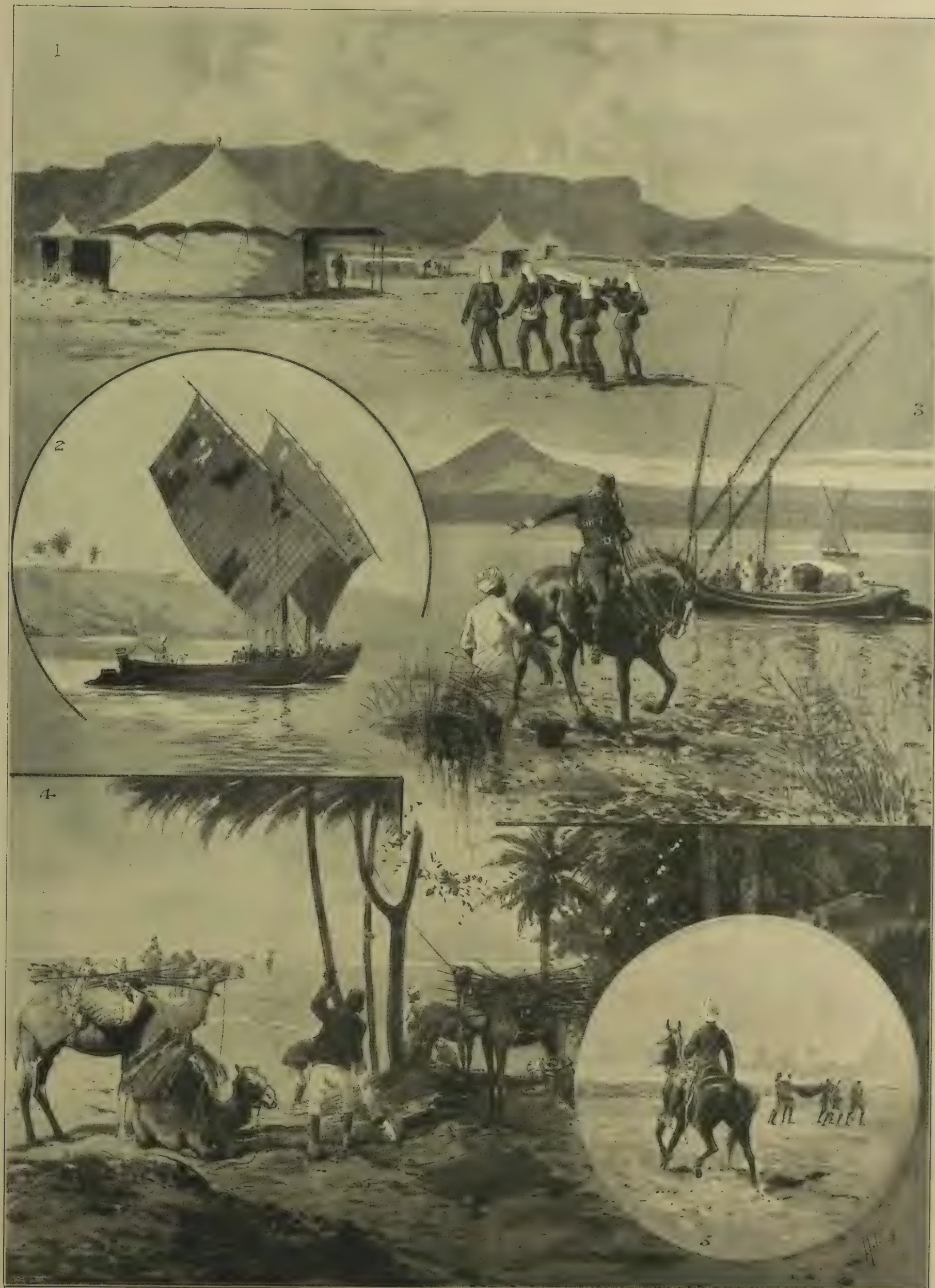


THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: A COSSACK POST.  
Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—CHOLERA IN THE CAMP: IN QUARANTINE.  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.





1. Taking the Sick to the Cholera Hospital.  
2. How Cholera is Carried up the Nile.

3. A Mounted Orderly keeping the People from Fouling the Water—  
Twenty-five Lashes for the Offence.

4. Fatigue-Party Pulling Down a Temporary Shelter.  
5. Surgeon-Captain Spong having a Busy Time.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: CHOLERA IN THE CAMP.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.





CHILDREN BATHING.—II. CAFFIERI, R.I.

*Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colour*



## THE LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

A charming letter from a dear lady who signs herself "A Pidget" claims my immediate attention. In it she asks me for advice what to wear at a country wedding in September. I should suggest that she should copy that dress illustrated on this page, making it in dark blue poplin and trimming it with small white pearl buttons, with a vest of white lisse, pleated and covered with pale yellow lace; if she crowned this with her white bonnet trimmed with a large bunch of blue cornflowers and a couple of black ostrich-feathers and a little drapery of blue and black tulle, she would achieve a dress at once attaining the smart, and yet far removed from her dread phantom, the showy. I have another letter, too, which I should answer, which asks me whether any original ideas for hats are taken at shops, and I regret to tell this dear "Designer" that I have not the slightest idea; but to her other question I think I can give a satisfactory answer. Really attractive novelties are eagerly taken now with a view to future Christmas presents by all the leading establishments.

There is not anything new in the world of dress. I shall mention this every week until the middle of September, an observation which I make as a warning to my various readers to avoid my frivolous columns if they are in search of information. Incidentally, however, I may observe that I will give, in the immediate future, some trustworthy news of novel fabrics; the immediate future being a movable date fixed by my arrival in London town, which I shall be passing through on my way northwards in a few days. At the present time I confess to occupying my leisure hours in charming society at various country houses; and herein lies a lesson in dress that is good, but no real road to the modes which are to be. This is about the time of year when I always realise the special charms of the black dress. A black alpaca for choice; this is pre-eminently useful, and can be made so attractive with a white bodice, while a further inducement to its smartness is to be found in a trimming of white braid. Dark serge dresses also look very nice trimmed with white braid, especially if the braid be used in the form of binding, headed by a narrow fanciful pattern. I am quite aware that the combination of dark blue serge and white braid cannot be con-

sidered extremely new, therefore will I not advise it, but rather suggest that if a dark blue serge be chosen it should be trimmed with black braid—which is scarcely any more novel. But the brown serge looks nice trimmed with white braid, and I have seen a red serge gown with the white braid very sparingly used attain becoming results worn with a figured foulard bodice, the ground of this being red, the design white. It is easy enough to imagine an effective result with a red serge skirt, well cut, bound with white braid as I suggest, followed by the narrower braid either in three straight lines or one twirled pattern, with a white belt round the waist, a blouse of the red and white figured foulard and turn-down white linen collar and cuffs, a red hat gay with shaded red ribbons and cherries, and a single-breasted coat with straight revers with a small collar, and made semi-fitting with braids down the front, beneath which the jacket can hook invisibly. The wearer of such a dress should be young and, by preference, fair. By the way, it is one of the common errors to imagine that dark people look well in red. As a matter of fact it is one of the most unbecoming colours they can assume, while the most becoming is grey. A light grey gown, if chosen of the right tone, will induce most favourable results. I know a very dark girl, in whose company I am at the moment rejoicing, and she wears grey in the evening as well as in the day time. In the evening time her skirt is of grey satin, her bodice of grey chiffon, accordion-kilted, with braces of pale yellow lace; in the day time her dress is of grey covert-coating, and she has shirts and coats of grey linen, and successfully crowns her raven locks with a pointed grey hat trimmed with grey tulle and shaded grey quills.

Half-mourning shades have special charms always in my eyes, and black and white are certainly the most attractive as they are the oldest of combinations. The other dress sketched here, made of black and white silk trimmed

with white corded silk piped with black, would make a most attractive possession for the matron, and might be allowed to grace a wedding with distinction if crowned with a little bonnet made of jet and black tulle with a bunch of white feathers at one side—which reminds me that they show the white feather very liberally at Ostend, most of the hats there, so I am told, being trimmed with black lisse and white feathers, while black hats enjoy a measure of popularity and the muslin gowns are worn in every variety and most extravagant detail. These last are embroidered in silk, lined with silk, and trimmed with bands of lace edged with little frillings of chiffon. The muslin skirt is also to be found completed with a bodice entirely of chiffon and lace, and grass lawn gowns of the silken order exhibit insertions of lace bows, and white shoes worn with coloured silk stockings are permitted to adorn (?) all the feet of the fair; and there is little new and worthy of observation in the bathing-dress. The latest variety of cycling-dress abroad is made in kilt form—news, this, which I have previously heard; and the French women show a decided tendency to adopt the "jupe anglaise," the most popular form of this being divided at the back and front with an apron tightly sewn down into the side seams, fastening over to hide the effect of the divided front. Coloured Peter-sham belts to match the cloth usually make the cycling-skirt neat at the waist. The coloured leather belts—the white, the red, the blue, the green—have many votaries; and, indeed, these are to have a special favour in the autumn over here. Very attractive belts are made of

animated nature than can a dead egret. Why should the Canon "make favourites" in the feathered creation? Or why make distinction between killing done for the lust of the eye and that done for the lust of the flesh? The one is as ignobly selfish as the other; is there any reason why we hear so much of the one and so little of the other, except that the killing for dress is a woman's fault (if a fault at all), and that killing for sport or for appetite is manly sin?

The fact is that, about this matter of killing the animals for our uses, the vegetarians alone have a certain right to abuse us and "miscall" us. When a vegetarian accuses me of "making myself a tomb for corpses, whose life has been destroyed to gratify a depraved and unnecessary appetite for dead flesh," I think the vegetarian an offensive controversialist and a most coarse talker; but I cannot deny the imputation. It is beyond a doubt that it is possible to live on food obtained exclusively from the vegetable world, and so not to kill and eat the large animals and birds for our food at all. A few unconsidered slugs and insects, the vegetarian must own, even he callously slays! Dr. Anna Kingsford was so resolute against taking animal life for her purposes that she would not even wear leather boots or kid gloves; and she destroyed a very costly sealskin mantle because she would neither wear it herself nor sanction others doing so after she was told that it was the custom to skin the seals alive, if possible, in order that the contraction of their

tortured muscles might assist the process—ghastly enough, is it not? But if we consider such things too closely we cannot live at all at European pace or after modern ideas. The mild Hindoo, who hardly works at all, and so can subsist on rice, and who is only saved from swarming with the vermin he will not kill by the circumstance that his climate and his customs allow him to dispense with wearing clothing that would serve for their harbourage, may do without destroying any form of life. But why should not the vegetarian feel as much remorse over the slugs that he slays in the cauliflowers, or the mites that he drowns in the lettuce, or the mice that are slaughtered to keep his granary clear, as he asks others to do over the incidents of meat-eating? Is the sanctity of life a question of size or one of prettiness of plumage?

Yet while we perceive that we must, and therefore morally may,

take life from other animals, there must be a principle somewhere; and it is surely not difficult to perceive. We may kill, but we may not torture. In fact, death is in itself no misfortune. If it be true that the osprey aigrette is taken of necessity at a season when the young are helpless in the nest, so that they die of the torture of starvation, or if it be true that the seals are as a common practice skinned alive, these facts would prevent any humane woman from wearing articles of dress so obtained. But are they facts? Vague and unreliable assertions to this effect have no influence. That the creatures should die for us we feel to be no real objection—since die they must some time; and nobody offers a calm proof that in certain dress articles there is involved an excess of cruelty, over and above killing.

Cruelty, alas! is so easily fallen into, sometimes from ignorance and sometimes from thoughtlessness, in addition to sometimes from careless and indifferent hardness. In food, for instance, there are certain dishes that involve quite undue suffering. "Lobster à l'Américaine," for instance, is a delicious dish, but it implies that the lobster was put to grill alive. So does "roasted oysters," which are put on the gridiron in their shells to die of the slowly mounting heat, and "when their shells open they are done." Pâté de foie gras, as we all know, means the protracted torture of the geese that supply it. Such foods we should surely avoid ordering or eating. In another field altogether may be mentioned the warning that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has put forth—that dogs should not be taken to run long journeys beside bicycles. Many dogs, the Society state, have been found dead by the roadside, having run till they were utterly exhausted and then fallen unnoticed by their owners. The familiar plea that the domestic cat shall not be left foodless for a month or two while the family is taking holiday has to be repeated at this season, too.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



A BLACK AND WHITE SILK.



A DARK BLUE POPLIN.

heliotrope leather; and a delightful scheme of a purple cycling-dress might be carried out in covert-coating with a lighter mauve shirt, a belt of a different tone of the same shade, and a small purple toque with shaded purple quills and a few folds of violet velvet to rest on the hat.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

Several communications have reached me on the question of wearing birds in the bonnets of ladies, and the outcry that is made thereat. Some of my readers are much hurt to know that the four eldest of the bridesmaids of Princess Maud wore osprey aigrettes in their hair, notwithstanding all that has been said against the practice. But grouse-shooting has begun, and the doom of multitudes of poor partridges and pheasants is at hand, and no one of my correspondents of either sex has a word to say about the barbarity of the men who are going out to kill those poor little birds in thousands! Again, I read: "Some fifty thousand quails are snared for market every season, and as these birds are polygamous, the destruction of the males involved in this great slaughter is rapidly tending towards the extermination of the race." Among the tracts sent me on this topic is a sermon by a Canon, who told the ladies of his congregation that he considered that they ought never to sing the Te Deum—"All fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord"—if they ever wore feathers on their hats! This seems to me a pure impertinence, unless the reverend critic himself carefully avoids ever eating game—or, as the tracts would phrase it, tearing with his teeth the bodies of happy, harmless little birds that have been cruelly and barbarously slaughtered for the gratification of his miserable, selfish, sensual, masculine appetite! How can he sing the Psalmist's words and then go and eat grouse, or partridges, or quails, or pigeons? A roasted lark can no more swell the chorus of



## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

S W W (East Dulwich).—There is no rule against the proceeding, but such compositions are rarely worthy of publication.

W BIDDLE.—Amended problems to hand.

TORSEY WYCHE.—Your problem shall be examined with a view to publication.

A F MACKENZIE (Jamaica).—Thanks for your letter and enclosure. The problem, in the form you desire, shall appear at once.

J LARK RALPH.—No trouble, we assure you. In No. 2729, if 1. Q to Kt 4th the reply is 1. R to R 8th (ch), etc.

M BURKE AND OTHERS.—We cordially agree with your estimate of Problem No. 2731.

A C CHALLENGER.—Safely to hand, with thanks.

ALPHA.—No solution by way of 1. Q to Kt 4th.

F C BUNDOCK (Windsor).—Thanks for enclosures, the game shall receive immediate attention.

J LAW, M.D. (Sheffield), H T BAILEY, W FINLAYSON, J COAD, and E P VULLIAMY.—Problems to hand with thanks.

J WENMAN, H.M.S. Vulcan (Barcelona).—The Chess Monthly can be obtained through the publisher, Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C. The price per copy is one shilling.

J K S, M.D. (Bristol).—Problem No. 2727 is quite correct, and there is no way of preventing mate in two moves. Neither is there any defect in the other problem you question. If Black play 1. Kt takes Q, or R to Kt 2nd; 2. Kt to B 6th, and if 1. P to B 3rd or 4th, then 2. Kt to B 7th, mate.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2727 received from A S H H (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2728 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2729 from J W Shaw (Montreal) and Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2730 from F J Candy; of No. 2731 from J S Wesley (Exeter), Ubique, F J Candy, C W Smith (Stroud), J Barlett Clark, J Bailey (Newark), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2732 received from Sorrento, H T Atterbury, Alpha, C E Perugini, Hermit, J Barlett Clark, P J Cardy (Croydon), Frater, C E M (Ayr), E B Foord (Cheltenham), Twyman (Bournemouth), H E Lee (Ipswich), Hereward, F James (Wolverhampton), T Chown, H Rodney, Fred I Gross, P N Braund, R H Brooks, Frank Proctor, L Penfold, W d'A Barnard, Uppingham, F A Carter (Malden), Captain Spencer, E Louden, P Jones (Swinton), J Hall, C W Smith (Stroud), Dr F St, Gertrude Beaubois (Lille), L W T, W R B (Clifton), Shadforth, Mrs Kelly of Kelly, Bluet, J Coad, T Shakespear, I Desanges, C M A B, M Riehoff, J F Moon, J S Wesley (Exeter), A W Hamilton-Gell, Chestnuts, T R McCullough (Lisburn), C R H, Castle Lea, R Worters (Canterbury), H Le Jeune, E P Vulliamy, A J Murton (Merthyr), T Roberts, Martin P, W R Raillem, Dawn, M Hobbhouse, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), Charles Rossiter (Nantwich), G T Hughes (Portman), T G (Ware), and Gerald (Huddersfield).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2731.—By W. S. FENELLOSA.

## WHITE.

1. B to B 7th
2. Q to Kt 4th (ch)
3. B or Q mates.

## BLACK.

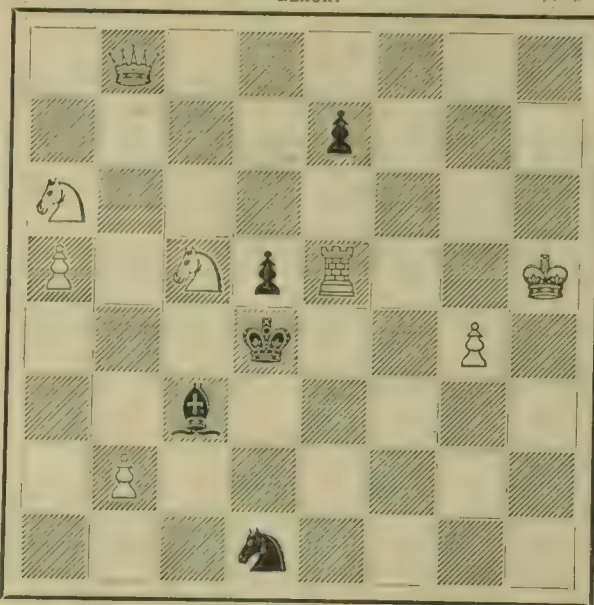
- K to B 6th
- K takes Q or moves.

If Black play 1. K to K 6th, 2. Q to Q 2nd (ch); if 1. Kt to K 3rd, 2. Q takes Kt (ch); and if 1. R takes Kt or Kt to Kt 6th, then 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch), and mates next move.

In our note last week on the Nuremberg Tournament we missed doing justice to the winner of the second prize, Herr Maroczy. This young Hungarian master came into notice last year by winning the Hastings Minor Tournament, and his style then attracted critical attention. At Nuremberg he has now stepped into the foremost rank, his score only showing one lost game. He has youth on his side, and possibly Mr. Lasker will find in him a more formidable opponent for the championship than any with whom he has yet measured his strength.

PROBLEM No. 2734.  
By C. E. NOLTEMIUS (New York).

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Nuremberg Tournament between  
MESSRS. JANOWSKI and LASKER.

(By Lopez.)

## WHITE (Mr. J.)

1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th
4. Castles
5. R to K sq
6. Kt takes P
7. B to Q 3rd
8. Kt to Q B 3rd

## BLACK (Mr. L.)

- P to K 4th
- Kt to Q B 3rd
- Kt to B 3rd
- Kt takes P
- B to Q 3rd
- Castles
- Kt to K sq

It is not easy to understand Black's idea in allowing White free play with his two Knights, which soon command the centre of the board. Black, however, appears to have been playing for some opening which never came during the game.

It will be seen that this gives White a very fine game. The sacrifice is not obscure, and was no doubt intentionally allowed by Black. But it proves too good a little later.

9. Kt to Q 5th
10. Kt to K Kt 4th
11. R takes Kt
12. Kt (Kt 4th) takes B (ch)
13. P to Q Kt 3rd
14. B to Kt 2nd
15. Kt to K 3rd
16. B to B 5th
17. Q to R 5th

The capture of the Knight loses at once, the reply being Q takes P (ch), and then R to K 3rd (ch) and mate follows. White handles his forces with great skill all through this middle game.

## WHITE (Mr. J.)

18. Kt to Kt 4th
19. P to K R 4th
20. Kt to R 6th
21. P to Q B 3rd
22. Kt takes B
23. P to Kt 3rd
24. P to Q B 4th
25. Kt to K 3rd
26. Kt to Q 5th
27. Q to B 5th
28. P to R 5th
29. Q takes P (ch)
30. Kt takes Q
31. Kt to K 4th
32. Kt takes P
33. P to R 6th

## BLACK (Mr. L.)

- P to B 4th
- K to R sq
- Q to B 2nd
- B takes B
- R to K Kt sq
- P to Q 6th
- Q to B 3rd
- R to K sq
- Kt to K 4th
- R to Kt 3rd
- R to Kt 4th
- Q takes Q
- R to K 3rd
- R to Kt 2nd
- R to K sq

White wins with the Pawns, but the game can be defended for some time. Black's Rooks, however, are awkwardly situated, and the White Bishop is very strong.

The struggle was prolonged till nearly eighty moves had been played, but White won with the Pawns.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

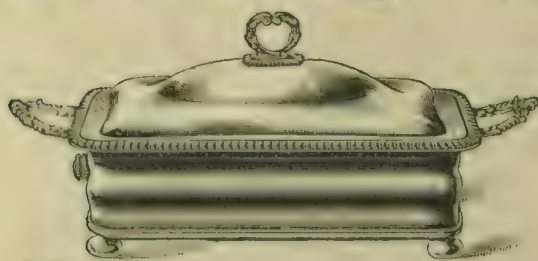
Official copies, under seal of the Imperial and Royal Provincial Court at Brünn, Austria, of the will (dated at Vienna November 1894) and the codicil (dated at Paris Feb. 12, 1895) of Maurice, Baron de Hirsch, have been proved in London, and Letters of Administration with the same annexed were granted on Aug. 7 to Clara, Baroness Hirsch Gereuth, the widow, as the residuary legatee. The gross value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounts to £1,372,163. Messrs. Jules Dietz, Theodor Adler, and Raphael Ritter von Bauer, three of the executors, renounced probate within the United Kingdom; and Ernest Cassel, the other executor, renounced probate generally. The testator bequeaths 1,000,000f., upon trust, for his adopted daughter, Luciana Premelie Hirsch: 1,000,000f. to benevolent institutions in Moravia, one half to go to Jewish institutions and one half to institutions of other religious communities; his shares in the Jewish Colonisation Association, as to one fourth to the Anglo-Jewish Colonisation Association in London, one fourth to the Israelite community at Frankfurt, one fourth to the Conseil d'Administration de la Synagogue de Bruxelles, and one fourth to the Israelite community in Berlin; and legacies to his executors. Subject to these bequests, the testator appoints his wife universal heiress. The deceased states that he was domiciled in Austria, and directs his property to be administered according to the law of that country.

The will (dated July 20, 1894) of Mr. Henry Barnett, J.P., D.L.; hon. Colonel of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, of 15, West Halkin Street, who died on May 5, was proved on Aug. 8 by the Rev. Herbert Barnett, the son, Edward Alexander James Duff, the son-in-law, and Charles Edward Barnett, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £122,194. The testator bequeaths £45,000, upon trust, to make certain payments in aid of his real estate, then to provide not exceeding £300 per annum for the maintenance and education of his grandson George Henry Barnett, and to accumulate the remainder of the income during the joint lives of his son Frank Henry and his said grandson; on the death of his said son, the capital sum and the accumulations are to go to his said grandson if and when he shall attain twenty-five years; he also bequeaths £25,000 to his son Frank Henry; £7500 and his household furniture and effects at 15, West Halkin Street to his son Herbert; £5000 to his daughter Gertrude Louisa Furze; £3000 each to his daughters Frances Elizabeth Barnett, Emily Avice Barnett, and Amy Katherine Duff; all his plate, except the Wheate and Burville plate, to his two sons in equal shares; all his live and dead farming stock to be used with his farm so long as his trustees shall carry on same, and then to be sold and to go with the sum of £45,000; and legacies to executors, niece, bailiff, housekeeper, and butler. The mansion and estate at Glympton and Kidding-ton, Oxfordshire, he leaves, upon trust, for his son Frank Henry, for life, and then for his grandson, George Henry, if and when he shall attain twenty-five. The Wheate and Burville plate, certain diamonds, the deer in the park, and

# Mappin & Webb's

## STERLING SILVER &amp; "PRINCE'S PLATE" (Regd. 71,552).

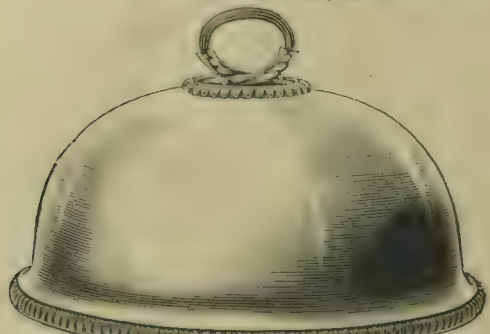
Guaranteed to retain its Splendid Appearance and Wear like Silver for 25 Years.



Full-Size Breakfast-Dish, with Hot Water Tart and Handsome Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate, £4 10s.



Full-Size Entrée-Dish, with Handsome Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate, £4.



Dish-Cover, with Handsome Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate.

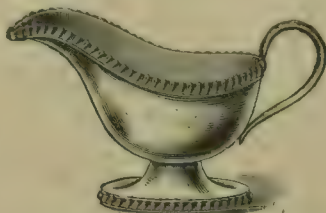
10-inch	£2 15 0	14-inch	£3 7 6
12-inch	3 0 0	16-inch	4 0 0

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES:



Queen Anne Style, Fluted Tea and Coffee Service, with Ebony Handles and Knobs.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.		Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
2½-pint Coffee-Pot	£3 15 0	£7 10 0	Tea and Coffee Service	£12 0 0	£21 0 0
2-pint Tea-Pot	3 5 0	6 10 0	2-pint Kettle and Stand	5 10 0	15 0 0
Sugar-Basin	2 15 0	4 0 0	24-inch Tea-Tray	8 8 0	45 0 0
Cream-Jug	2 5 0	3 0 0			



Sauce-Boat, with Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate.

Large size	£2 0 0
Medium size	1 15 0
Small size	1 12 0



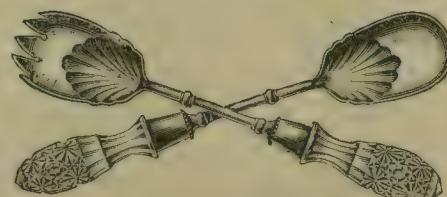
Vegetable Dish and Drainer, with 3 Divisions. Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate, £5.



Soup-Tureen, with handsome Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate.

2½-quart	£6 15 0	4-quart	£8 15 0
3 "	7 15 0	5 "	9 15 0

## ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.



Richly Cut Glass Salad-Bowl.

With Prince's Plate Mounts	£2 2 0
With Sterling Silver Mounts	3 3 0
Servers to Match—	
Prince's Plate, £1 5 0	Sterling Silver, £3.

158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W.; & 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.  
MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD. (FACING THE MANSION HOUSE.)



Natural

Sparkling

# Rosbach

Sir CHARLES CAMERON,  
M.D., F.R.C.S.I.

"Remarkably free from organic impurities.

"Its flavour is decidedly more agreeable than that of any Mineral Water which I have ever tasted. . . . It is unquestionably the best of its kind."

*The Best Table Water in the World.*

INVALUABLE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.

. . SOLD EVERYWHERE. . .

	Free Lon- don.	Free Coun- try.
Per Case, 50 Quarts	22/-	24/-
„ Dozen „	6/-	6 6
„ Case, 100 Pints	35/-	38 -
„ Dozen „	4 6	5/-
„ Case, 100 Splits	23/-	25/-
„ Dozen „	3 6	4/-

SPRINGS at ROSBACH, near HOMBURG.

ROSBACH SPRINGS, LIMITED.

Sold only in 1 ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8 ounce and 1 lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



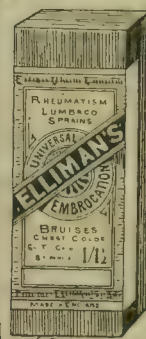
Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,  
"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"  
ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are now supplied in a new size, viz., "MAGNUMS." They are packed in Pocket Tins containing 16, and in 50's and 100's.



## ELLIMAN'S EMBRICATION

UNIVERSAL

FOR HUMAN USE

1/1 1/2

ROYAL

FOR ANIMALS

1/2

2/6 3/6



"IT  
I WILL  
HAVE  
OR  
I WILL  
HAVE  
NONE "



for  
ACHES.

SPRAINS.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING" BRUISES.

Prepared only by

ELLIMAN SONS & Co

SLOUGH.

ENGLAND.



the household furniture and effects at his said mansion are made heirlooms to go therewith. All his carriages, carriage and riding horses, and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his son Frank Henry Barnett.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1895), with a codicil (dated March 24, 1896), of Mr. James William Langworthy, barrister-at-law, of 15, Prince's Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on July 7, was proved on Aug. 1 by Henry Drake, Mrs. Helen Beatrice Langworthy, the widow, and John Drake Langworthy, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £105,471. The testator bequeaths £1000 to St. Mary's Hospital, and £500 each to St. Thomas's Hospital, University Hospital, the London Hospital, Charing Cross Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the East London Hospital for Children (Shadwell), St. George's Hospital, and the Friedenheim Home of Peace (Upper Avenue Road, N.W.). He also bequeaths £1000 and all his household furniture, plate, effects, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife, who has been fully provided for by settlement, and has property of her own; £20,000 upon trust for his wife for life or widowhood; £10,000 to his son John Drake; £5000 each to his sons William Ford, Richard, and Edward Southwood; £5000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Dorothy and Emily; £1000 to his son Geoffrey Parker; £1000 each to Jacquetta Dewdney, May Cock, Gwendoline Flamank, William Henry Langworthy, and Harriet Langworthy; £500 each to his executors; and legacies to doctor, butler, two footmen, and coachman. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children Emily, John Drake, Edward Southwood, Geoffrey Parker, and Edith, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 23, 1893) of the Venerable Thomas Bucknall Lloyd, Archdeacon of Salop, of Edmond Rectory, Newport, Shropshire, who died on Feb. 25, was proved at the Shrewsbury District Registry on July 27 by John Bucknall Lloyd, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £34,415. The testator bequeaths the several pieces of plate presented by the Crown to his great-great-uncle, Thomas Bucknall, on the respective launches of his (then) Majesty's ships *Britannia*, *Elizabeth*, *Worcester*, *Falcon*, and *Warwick*, his portrait by Oulless, R.A., presented to him on his leaving St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, and other presentation plate, etc., to his son, John Bucknall; the remainder of his furniture and effects to his unmarried daughters; and £4000, upon trust, for his two unmarried daughters, for their lives and the life of the survivor of them. The residue of his property he gives to his said son.

The will (dated May 28, 1891) of Captain Frederic William Despard, of Strathmore, Surbiton Hill Park, Surbiton, Surrey, who died on June 18, was proved on



THE STEAM-SHIP "SUSSEX."

The London and Brighton Railway Company's steam-ship *Sussex*, which now takes the place of the ill-fated *Seaford* on the Newhaven and Dieppe service, is a well-equipped steel-built vessel, measuring 275 feet in length and 34 feet in breadth. Her gross tonnage is 1116'66, her indicated horse-power 5000, and her speed twenty knots.

July 31 by Miss Rosina Clara Despard, the daughter, and Major-General William Winson, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,261. The testator bequeaths £2500 to his daughter Frederica Mary, and a legacy to his executor, Major-General Winson. There are some specific bequests to children, and the remainder of his furniture and effects he gives to his wife, Mrs. Harriett Anne Despard. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and then for all his children by her.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1894) of the Hon. Slingsby Bethell, C.B., D.L., J.P., Reading Clerk and Clerk of Outdoor Committees of the House of Lords, of 47, Sussex Square, Brighton, who died on April 3, was proved on Aug. 4 by the Hon. Mrs. Laura Beatrice Bethell, the widow, one of the executors, the value of his personal estate amounting to £16,511. The testator gives one of his two shares in some Canadian land property, situate at Joseph's Island, Lake Huron, each to his sons Guy Vivian and Lionel Beresford; and all the residue of his property to his wife. He states that he made a settlement on his wife and also on his eldest son on his marriage.

The will (dated May 31, 1895) of Major Henry Miles Stapylton, J.P., D.L., of Myton Hall, Helperby, Yorkshire, who died on March 25, was proved at the York District Registry on July 10 by Frederick James Munby, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,098 12s. 11d. The testator leaves all the goods, furniture, plate, wines, and consumable stores

at the house occupied by her at Clifton Terrace, Brighton, £1000, and £1600 per annum for life charged on his real estate, to his wife, Mrs. Aurelie Victoria Stapylton; £1000 to John Stapylton; £200 per annum (charged on his real estate) to the said John Stapylton and his wife, and the survivor of them for life; £50 per annum (charged on his real estate) to Major Lennox Jarvis and his wife, and the survivor of them for life; and Hogarth's works to his friend Major Edward F. Coates. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his nephew, Miles John Stapylton.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1893) of Sir Edward Cholmeley Dering, Bart., of Surrenden Dering, Kent, who died on April 1, was proved on Aug. 12 by George Edwardes Dering and Arthur Robert Dering, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9252. The testator appoints, under the powers given to him by settlement, £3000 (the unappointed portion of a sum of £20,000) and £10,000, charged on his real estate, to his younger children. He bequeaths £1000 and such of his carriages and horses as she may select, to his wife; £5000 to his sons George Edwardes and Arthur Robert, and his daughter Adela Dorothy Jane; £1000 each to his sister Henrietta Charlotte Deedes and his grand-

daughter Violet (daughter of his son George Edwardes); and the pictures at Surrenden to go with the settled estates. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his eldest son.

The will of Miss Lucy Martineau, of 165, Clapham Road, who died on June 19, was proved on July 25 by David Martineau and Philip Meadows Martineau, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate being £9656.

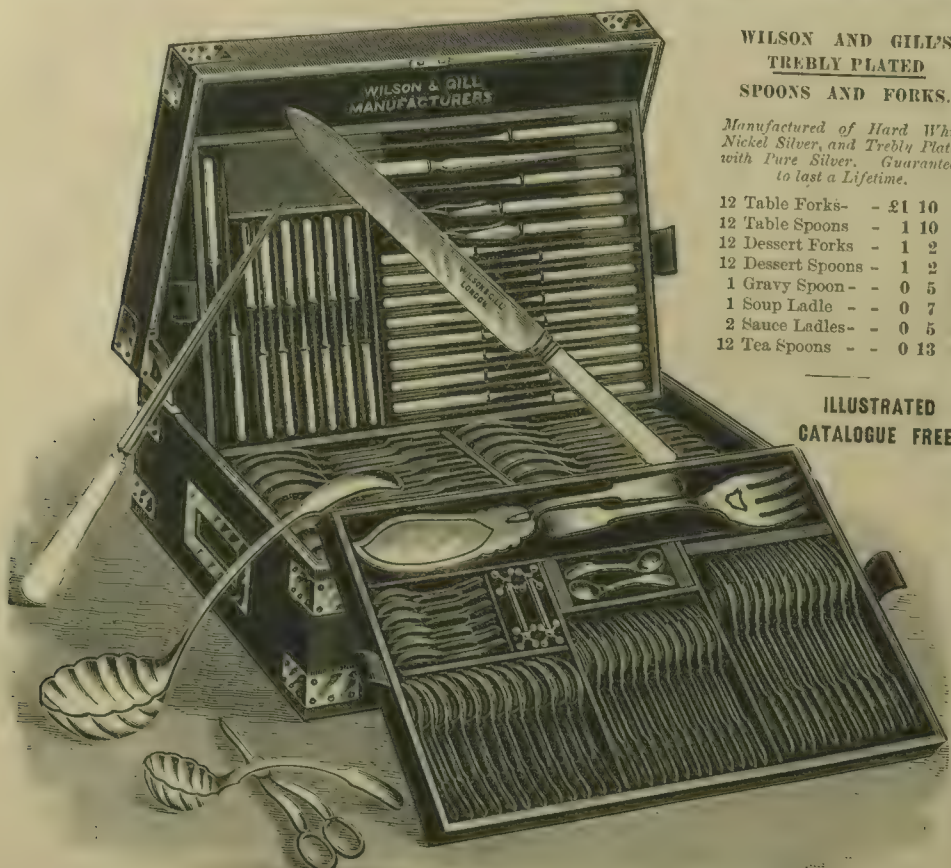
The will of Mrs. Ellen Goodwin, widow of the late Right Rev. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, of 4, Rawlinson Road, Oxford, who died on June 10, was proved on July 20 by Harvey Goodwin, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7779.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that for the seaside season—including Hastings and St. Leonards Carnival week (Aug. 24 to 28, inclusive) and the cricket week at Hastings (Sept. 3 to 9 inclusive)—they have arranged to issue from London and suburban stations to St. Leonards and Hastings cheap day tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class) every weekday and Sunday; a cheap third-class day excursion every Monday, and specially Wednesday, Aug. 26; and to issue cheap week-end tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class) every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, available for return by any train up to Monday evening; also for the issue, every Saturday, of cheap third-class return tickets, available to return on the following Saturday, Monday week, Saturday fortnight, or Monday fortnight.

# Wilson & Gill

Manufacturing Goldsmiths and Silversmiths,  
134, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Supply the Public Direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, Saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.



WILSON AND GILL'S  
TRIPLE PLATED  
SPOONS AND FORKS.

Manufactured of Hard White  
Nickel Silver, and Triple Plated  
with Pure Silver. Guaranteed  
to last a Lifetime.

12 Table Forks—	£1 10 0
12 Table Spoons—	1 10 0
12 Dessert Forks—	1 2 0
12 Dessert Spoons—	1 2 0
1 Gravy Spoon—	0 5 0
1 Soup Ladle—	0 7 6
2 Sauce Ladles—	0 5 6
12 Tea Spoons—	0 13 6

ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUE FREE.

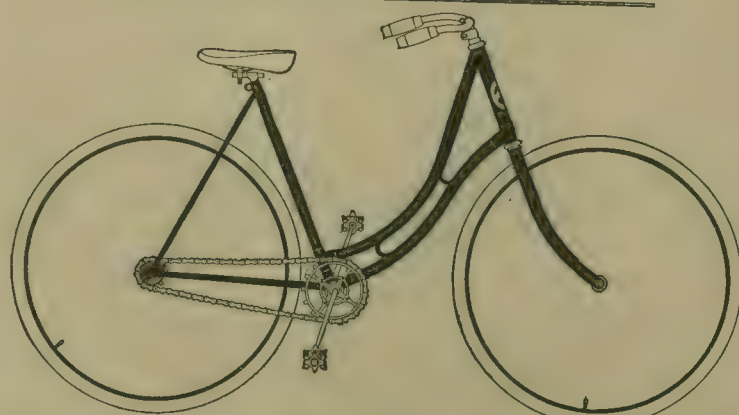
## 19 Years' Accumulated Science & Skill.

The great factories at Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., where Columbias, the famous American bicycles, are made, are building matchless machines to-day because for 19 years they have profited by experience and carried on their investigations in the broadest scientific spirit.

## Columbia Bicycles

are recognised all over Europe and America as unequalled, unapproached.

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.



Are made in the largest and most completely equipped factories in the world, and every detail of their manufacture is carried on upon thoroughly scientific lines, thus preventing mistakes or imperfections.

Manufactured by the  
**POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

Applications for Agencies to be made to  
the European Agents—  
**MARKT & CO.,** 3, New Zealand Avenue,  
LONDON.

Send for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, or Call at THE COLUMBIA DEPOT,

**Vigor, 21, Baker St., London.**



# CORPULENCE—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many persons are doubtless familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which within recent years has been wrought by the original researches of the now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised in a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging assert, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had, post free, by sending three penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices as above, and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period, and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

[The following are extracts from leading Journals.]

## CORPULENCE THE THIEF OF TIME.

That procrastination is the thief of time is a truism so obvious that it has no claim to be regarded as an epigram. To more practical purpose it may be urged that Corpulency is, in very many respects, the parent of procrastination. The putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day certainly becomes a mental habit, but it is unquestionably very frequently begotten by physical conditions which render exertion irksome. That in the majority of cases procrastination is easily curable is one of the considerations suggested by a perusal of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure," whose remarkable popularity is evidenced by the recent issue of the 18th edition. The enormous mass of correspondence which this expert has accumulated, and many extracts from which are included in the 256 pages of this little book, forms the most valuable addition which has yet been made to the

literature of obesity. It is specially notable that a very large proportion of Mr. Russell's correspondents who have undergone his course of treatment for the reduction of obesity, emphasised the renewed vigour which they have experienced after passing through the process—a wonderfully rapid one, according to this method—of banishing their superabundant fat. The universal adoption of Mr. Russell's system by corpulent persons of both sexes would increase, by a stupendous percentage, the working capacity of mankind. The rapidly growing popularity of the treatment is due, doubtless, to the author having discarded all the obsolete notions about semi-starvation being requisite to insure comely and comfortable slimness. It is certain that the more the marvellous possibilities of Mr. Russell's system become known, the less will be the tolerance for the laziness of people who decline to reduce their overweight by the pleasant and facile means which are described in this little book, which can be had, post free, by forwarding three penny stamps to Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Liverpool Daily Mercury*, March 24, 1896.

## OBSIDITY AND LOSS OF NERVE POWER.

The receipt of a copy, just to hand, of the eighteenth edition of Mr. F. C. Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages) testifies to the wonderful popularity of this little volume, which is now recognised as the standard work on obesity, and on the best means of getting rid of that incumbrance without suffering any inconvenience, even in regard to diet. Having regard to the notable success of Mr. Russell's remedy in thousands of instances, it is astonishing to find many men—and women, too—sacrificing their prospects of success in life to their apparently lethargic indifference to their unwholesome corpulence. Every observant person, with many opportunities of forming opinions upon particular cases, is well aware that obesity, in very many cases, is accompanied by a lack of nerve power—partly the result of a natural sensitiveness to ridicule—which paralyses the energy and annihilates the combative faculty, which is indispensable in the life struggle. All this unfair handicapping in the case of unduly fat persons can be remedied by the use of Mr. Russell's preparation, the recipe for which is contained in his little book. It may be obtained (post free) for three penny stamps forwarded to his offices, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*South Wales Daily News*, April 2, 1896.

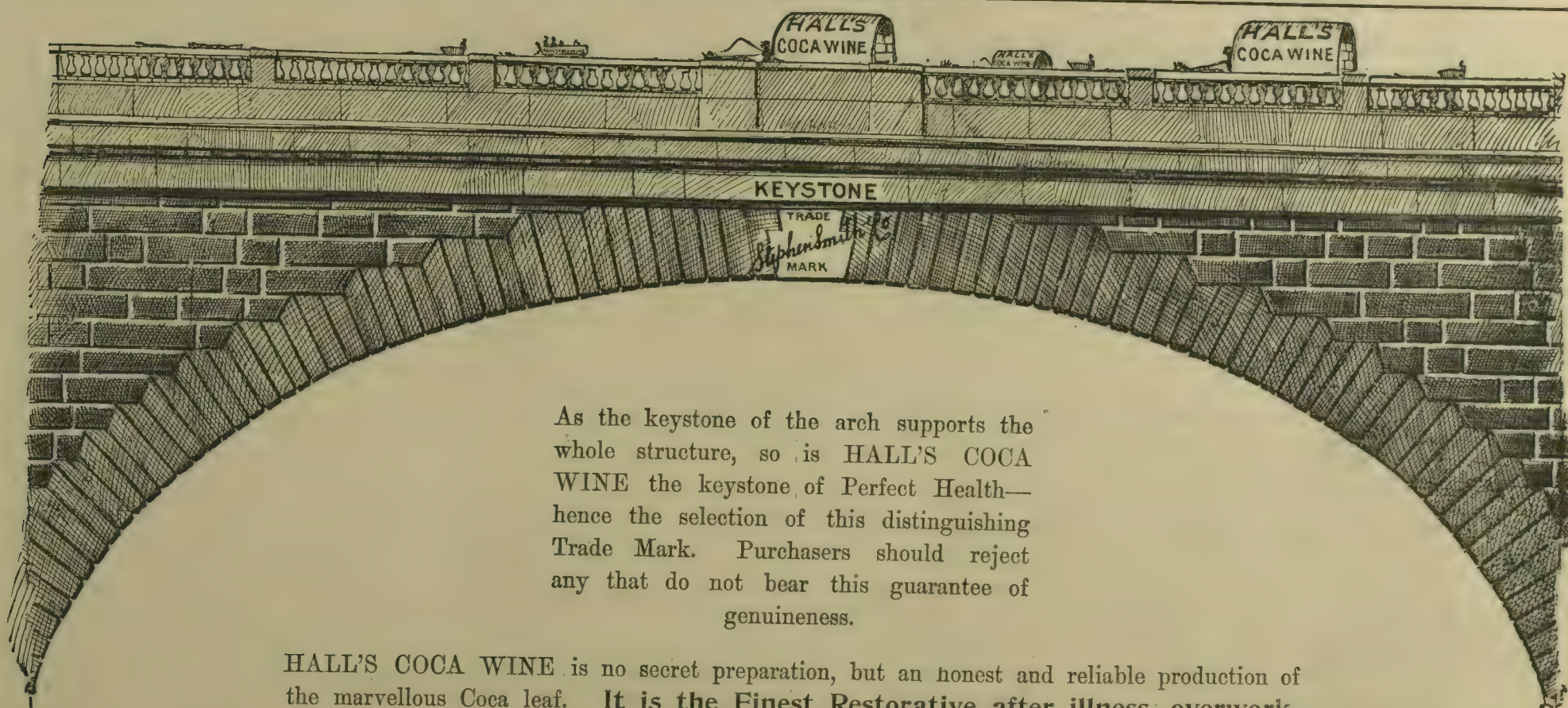
## EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight 1 lb. or 2 lb. daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author,

who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that, on sending three-pence in stamps, a book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign) and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Extract from Belfast News Letter*.

## SUMMER HEAT AND OBESITY.

Summer heat, with the out-door enjoyments which come in its train, is a source of unmixed delight to all whose physical condition is sound. The full feast of pleasure to which hospitable Nature at this season invites mankind is not, however, for those whose infirmities forbid them to undergo, without serious discomfort, a considerable amount of bodily fatigue. To those in particular who are the victims of excessive corpulence, the arrival of the genial summer warmth serves chiefly as a painful reminder that, for them, the delights of long woodland rambles, the climbing of mountain-tops, and all the adventurous ways of flood and field are prohibited joys. The palpitating heart, the reeling brain, and the possible deadly sunstroke, which are the concomitants of obesity, banish all the pleasant anticipations which once came with the advent of the glad summer-tide. How much of this deprivation of enjoyment and positive misery is absolutely and easily avoidable may be learned by consulting Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), a little work whose popularity is proved by the fact that its 18th edition has just been issued. This fact, too, indicates in some degree the wide area now covered by Mr. Russell's wonderful success as an expert in the reduction of excessive fat. His process, which is absolutely safe and pleasant, is so rapid in its operation that any over-corpulent lady or gentleman can easily get rid of all unnecessary weight in a few weeks, so as to be able to enjoy the delightful feeling (and the appearance too) of renewed youth and energy. Mr. Russell makes no mystery of the nature of his curative preparation—apparently miraculous as are its effects in simultaneously reducing weight and increasing appetite—the consequently larger amount of food being consumed with impunity. He prints, therefore, his recipe in his book, which may be obtained post free by sending three penny stamps to his offices, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Gloucester Standard*.



As the keystone of the arch supports the whole structure, so is HALL'S COCA WINE the keystone of Perfect Health—hence the selection of this distinguishing Trade Mark. Purchasers should reject any that do not bear this guarantee of genuineness.

HALL'S COCA WINE is no secret preparation, but an honest and reliable production of the marvellous Coca leaf. It is the Finest Restorative after illness, overwork, and worry. It cures sleeplessness, neuralgia, and anæmia. It is the Best Nervine ever discovered, and leaves no after effects. Try a free tasting sample.

THE MEDICAL PRESS AND PROFESSION ARE UNANIMOUS IN RECOMMENDING IT.

Of Chemists and Wine Merchants, 2s. and 3s. 6d. per Bottle, or Post Free of the Proprietors,

STEPHEN SMITH and COMPANY, BOW, LONDON.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The popular axiom not to cry out before you are hurt holds good no longer when someone is hurt who before he could cry out was gone for ever. The accident at the Novelty Theatre, which cost one young and apparently promising actor his life, and left a probably lasting legacy of grief to another, is too sad to dwell upon; but it will, one trusts, teach a valuable lesson. The theatrical profession, when exercised on a modern appointed stage, with its star traps, sinks and rises, mezzanine floors, and a hundred and one ingenious contrivances, is more dangerous than the spectator suspects. That fatalities—apart from those by fire—do not occur more frequently argues an amount of care on the part of those who are responsible which is commendable indeed; but this is not enough. The stage itself and its approaches having been made as safe as can be reasonably expected, the property-man should be called upon to tax his ingenuity in a similar respect with regard to the numberless adjuncts it is his duty to supply, and especially with regard to the firearms and lethal weapons so frequently wanted.

There ought to be no difficulty about this. I have only very recently seen papier-mâché swords and daggers in Paris which are absolutely undistinguishable from the real ones, except at very close inspection. And inasmuch as papier-mâché may inflict stabs when vigorously handled,

these imitation weapons are not tipped in the usual fashion, but the points, flattened and thickened like a button, are made in one piece with the blade, and therefore cannot come off. There is no spring inside; they telescope on the principle of the drinking-cups we used to see a few years ago.

Real pistols and rifles are not half so dangerous as so-called trick-knives, daggers, and swords, for the simple reason that in an efficiently conducted theatre, and with a property-man who knows his business, these are carefully examined twice a day—that is in the morning and in the evening before they are handed to the actor or actress in need of them. They should be primed by the property-man himself. This is done at the Grand Opéra and Comédie Française in Paris and at the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, and, no doubt, at all the principal London theatres. We must also remember that the company performing at the Novelty is a travelling one, in which often each actor carries such adjuncts as come within the denomination of costume.

Nevertheless, fatalities like the one we so sincerely regret do not happen often. My memory is a pretty good one, yet I can only remember having read of two terminating mortally. The great Roman actor Roscius, enacting Atreus, was so carried away by his passion that he killed a slave passing by his side. Farquhar, in Dryden's "Indian

Emperor," wounded a fellow-actor, representing a Spanish general, so dangerously that he was said to have died of his wounds.

The elder Baron, a French actor of note, performing in "The Cid" of Corneille, in which he has to kick away the sword of Count Gormas, punctured his foot. The wound seemed trifling, but he refused to have it attended to; gangrene set in, he still remained obstinate, and finally succumbed.

Minor accidents are numerous. On the first night of "Michael Strogoff" at the Adelphi a few years ago, Mr. Charles Warner, struggling with an adversary, cut his hand so severely that for a moment serious consequences were feared. Charles Kemble, playing Macbeth at Brighton to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons, flung his cup away with such violence in the banquet scene that it (the cup) shattered a chandelier, the pieces of which fell on the great Sarah's face; but she never budged.

At the dress rehearsal of "The Huguenots" in Paris years ago, the famous tenor Nourrit, having to jump out of a window in the fourth act, hurt himself so severely that the performance had to be postponed for a week. Rossini, who rarely lost an opportunity of being spiteful at the expense of his fellow-composers, maintained during this week that Meyerbeer's music was to blame: that it was

## H.M.EXCISE!

**OGDEN'S**  
"GUINEA  
GOLD"  
**CIGARETTES**

ARE MANUFACTURED UNDER THE  
SUPERVISION OF H.M. EXCISE OFFICERS  
AND ARE GUARANTEED TO BE SOLELY  
MANUFACTURED FROM PURE VIRGINIAN  
LEAF AND ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM  
ANY ADULTERATION WHATSOEVER

## MARION'S DRY PLATES

For All Kinds of Work are Unsurpassed.

To be had of all Dealers, or direct from **MARION and CO.,**  
Free Carriage for 10s. 6d. Parcel.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE NOW READY,  
1s. Post Free.

22 &amp; 23, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

WHEN STRIVING TO  
**KEEP THE WOLF  
FROM THE DOOR**

REMEMBER THAT IT IS NOT ALWAYS

the cheapest that is the most economic; the vast superiority of

**HOVIS**

over any other bread, either brown or white, both in its bone and muscle making substances, secures for it the coveted position of the

**"CHEAPEST & BEST."**

Highest Award at the Food and Cookery  
Exhibition, London, May 1895.

**IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.**

The Public are Cautioned against accepting from Bakers spurious imitations of "HOVIS," which, having met with such unprecedented success, is being copied in many instances as closely as can be done without risk.

Purchasers are requested to see that all Bread supplied to them as "Hovis" is stamped "Hovis."

Apply to your Grocer for "Hovis" Flour for Home use, packed in bags of 8½ lb. and 7 lb.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

**S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.**

6d. or 1s. Sample on receipt of Stamps.

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

*Neave's Food*

"An excellent food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being Rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the Bone-forming and other Indispensable Elements of Food."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

IN 1½ lb. PATENT AIR-TIGHT TINS, 1s. EACH.



**LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**  
**HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS CARNIVAL.**  
WEEK. AUGUST 24 to 28 inclusive. Prizes £250.  
Battle of Flowers and Confetti—Procession of Decorated  
Vehicles—Fancy Costume Gymkhana—Illuminated Cycle Parade—  
Military Tournament and Illuminated Pèdes.  
**GRAND CRICKET MATCHES AT HASTINGS.** Sept. 3, 4, and  
5. Australians v. South of England; Sept. 7, 8, and 9, North v.  
South.  
**SEASON BAND ENGAGEMENTS.**—1st Life Guards—Royal  
Engineers—King's Royal Rifles—Blue Vennese—Blue Zouave  
Ladies—Scarlet Anglo-Hungarian—Pompador Ladies.  
**RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.**  
**CHEAP DAY TICKETS** are issued every weekday and Sunday  
from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction,  
London Bridge, and New Cross. Fares 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s. (See  
bills.)  
**SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION** every Monday, and on Wednes-  
day, Aug. 26, from above Stations. Fare 4s. (See bills.)  
**CHEAP RETURN TICKETS**, available for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days,  
are issued every Saturday from above Stations. Fare 7s. (See bills.)  
**CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS** every Friday, Saturday, and  
Sunday from the above Stations, available for Return by any Train  
(according to Class) up to Monday evening. Fares 18s., 13s., 9s.  
(See bills.)  
**FOR FULL PARTICULARS** see Tourist  
Programme and Special Handbills, to be obtained at the  
Stations, and at the Branch Offices, where Tickets may also  
be obtained: West End, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel  
Buildings; City, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays', Cornhill; Cook's,  
Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's 142, Strand.  
(By Order) ALLEN SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.**—Seaside.  
An ACCELERATED AND IMPROVED SUMMER SERVICE  
OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft,  
Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Dover-  
court, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hun-  
stanton. **TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY FRIDAY TO TUES-  
DAY CHEAP TICKETS** are issued by all Trains from LONDON  
(Liverpool Street), also from G.E. Suburban Stations, and New  
Cross (L.B. and S.C.), at same fares as from Liverpool Street.  
These Cheap Tickets are also issued from St. Pancras (Midland) and  
Kentish Town to Hunsstanton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer.  
**CHEAP DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE**, &c.  
**SOUTHERN-ON-SEA** and Back, 2s. 6d. Daily by Through Fast  
Trains from Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street. Cheap  
Through Tickets are also issued at Stations on the Metropolitan and  
Metropolitan District Railways.  
**CLACTON, WALTON, and HARWICH** and Back, 4s. from  
Liverpool Street; on Sundays at 9.10 a.m., and on Mondays at  
8.35 a.m.  
**BROXBOURNE and RYE HOUSE**, 1s. 6d. Daily from Liverpool  
Street, &c., and on Weekdays only from St. Pancras and Kentish  
Town.  
**PEPPER FOREST**, 1s. Daily from Liverpool Street, Fenchurch  
Street, New Cross (L.B. and S.C.), Gospel Oak, &c.  
For Full Particulars see Bills.  
Wm. BIRT, General Manager.  
London, August 1896.

**CHEAPEST CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY.**  
The ARDENNES, 3s.  
BRUSSELS (for the Field of Waterloo) and BACK, 29s., &c.,  
via HARWICH and ANTWERP.  
By G.E.R. Co.'s fine Twin-screw Passenger Steamers,  
CAMBRIDGE, COLCHESTER, IPSWICH, or NORWICH.  
HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND Route to the Continent Daily  
(Sundays included). Quickest Route to Holland (to Amsterdam,  
Eleven Hours) and Cheapest to Germany.  
Read Mrs. Macquoid's New Book, "In the Volcanic Eifel"—a  
fresh tourist district.  
Combination Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent.  
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m.  
Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March.  
Dining Car from York, via March, HAMBURG by G. S. N. Co.'s  
fast Passenger Steamers "Peregrine" and "Seamew". Wednesdays  
and Saturdays. Read "Walks in Belgium," "Illustrations and Maps,  
price 6d., at all Bookstalls. Particulars at the American Bazaar, 2,  
Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool  
Street Station, E.C.

**P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS**  
FROM LONDON TO  
GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI,  
EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, and  
MADRAS, via BOMBAY, and  
STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN. . . . . Every Week.  
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, . . . . . Every  
NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA. . . . . Fortnightly.  
VENICE and BRINDISI to EGYPT and . . . . . Every  
the EAST. . . . . Three Weeks.  
Cheap Return Tickets.  
For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall  
Street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

**ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES.**  
The Steam-ship GARONNE, 3876 tons register, will leave London  
on AUG. 25 for a 28 Days' Cruise to the  
BALTIC.  
Visiting COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG,  
KIEL, BALTIC CANAL, and HELIGOLAND.  
String Band, Electric Light, High-Class Cuisine.  
Managers { F. GREEN & Co. . . . . Head Offices,  
ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co. . . . . Fenchurch Avenue,  
London, E.C.; or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, S.W.

**SHANDON HYDROPATHIC.**  
Finest Health Resort in Scotland. One Hour from Glasgow  
by Rail. Picturesque Grounds, Mountain Air, Sea Breezes, Sea-  
Water Swimming Baths, Boating, Golf, Tennis, Centre for Excur-  
sions on the Clyde to Loch Lomond, Oban, and West Highlands.  
Address—MANAGER, Shandon, N.B.

**SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.**  
Great improvements have been made in the manufacture of  
FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, celebrated for their superior fitting.  
Six for 30s., 40s., 45s., sent by parcel post free to your door. Write  
for illustrated self-measure and all particulars free by post.  
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar**  
Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra  
Fine, 9s. Send three (not less), with cash. Returned ready for use,  
carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.**  
And 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.  
Manufacturers to the Queen.  
**CAMBRIC** Children's 13 doz. HEMSTITCHED.  
Ladies' 23 " Ladies' 2 doz.  
Gents' 33 " Gents' 3/11  
**POCKET** "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs.  
ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a  
world-wide fame."—The Queen.  
**SAMPLES AND PRICE-  
LISTS POST FREE. HANDKERCHIEFS.**  
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for  
Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

# BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES

**Guaranteed for Accuracy, Durability, and Strength.**

In Silver Cases, In 18-ct. Gold Cases, **BENSON'S** In Silver Cases,  
**"Special Make"** **"BANK" WATCH.**  
**LADY'S KEYLESS** **KEYLESS**  
**LEVER WATCH.** **ENGLISH LEVER.**

Three-quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Com- pound Balance, Jewelled throughout, Strong Key- less Action, Seconds Dial, and Gold Inner Case. In 18-ct. Gold Cases, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, En- graved, or Plain Pol- ished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

**Price £10.**  
Or in Silver Cases, 25s.

**Illustrated Book of Watches & Jewellery Post Free**

**J. W. BENSON,**  
Steam Factory:  
**62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL,**  
AND AT 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., LONDON.

**Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER**

is the original "FLORIDA WATER" and must not be con- founded with the numerous inferior perfumes that usurp its name. Remember the name, and accept no substitute.

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER**

— HAS A —  
DELICATE, SPRIGHTLY INDIVIDUALITY

immediately recognized by any one who has once used it. There is no Perfume equally applicable for the Handker- chief, the Toilet and the Bath that can compare with

**Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER**

— SMOKE THE CELEBRATED —

# 'PIONEER' SWEETENED TOBACCO.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE **RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.**

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

Sold by all First-Class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

1 and 2 oz. Packets, and  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 1 lb. Tins.

**CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE**  
(Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Medieval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving. ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM. Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

**CRESTED STATIONERY.**—CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram, or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting-cards, 2s. 6d.; ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.

**T. CULLETON,** 25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S PIANOS.**  
Thomas Oetzmann and Co. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is  
**27, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.**

OETZMANN, of 27, Baker Street.

**PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per MONTH.**  
Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months. The cheapest house for hiring really good pianos by all the best makers is **THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S**, 27, Baker Street, W.

OETZMANN, of 27, Baker Street, W.

**PIANOS, 15s. per MONTH, on Thomas**  
Oetzmann and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System. Carriage free. Tunings free. Cheapest House in London for Sale, Hire, or Three Years' System is **THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S**, 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

**GOOD SOUND SECOND-HAND PIANOS.**  
Returned from Hire. Far superior to badly constructed low-priced new ones. **GREAT SALE.** Grand and Cottages. Broadwood's, Collard's, Erard's, and other makers. From £10 to £100. Send for Descriptive Catalogues. All Pianos packed free and sent to any part.  
**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.,** 27, Baker Street, London, W.

**PURCHASERS** who can pay Cash will find that the Cheapest House in the Kingdom for new Grand and Cottage Pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, Oetzmann, Steinway, Bechstein, and other makers of repute is **THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S**, 27, Baker Street, London, W., where the merits of the Pianos by the respective makers can be tried side by side. All pianos packed free and forwarded. Only address, 27, Baker Street, W.

**JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS'**  
PIANOFORTES  
For SALE, HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.  
Pianos exchanged.  
New and second-hand Pianofortes.  
**JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,**  
Great Pulteney Street (near Piccadilly Circus), London, W.

**D'ALMAINE'S SALE OF PIANOS,**  
ORGANS, &c., RETURNED FROM HIRE.  
Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free.  
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas. Class 9, 50 guineas. American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 41 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken. Illus- trations and particulars post free. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 111 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7: 30 p.m.

**INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION,**  
EARL'S COURT.  
Main Entrance: LILLIE ROAD, WEST BROMPTON.  
Director-General: EMRE KIRALFY.  
THE EMPRESS THEATRE.  
GRANDSPECTACLE "INDIA."  
OVER 1200 PERFORMERS.  
CHORUS OF 200 SINGERS.  
A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.  
The Full-sized TROOP-SHIP.  
Grenadiers and Coldstreamers.  
Empress and Imperial Bands.  
Natives at Work and at Play.  
BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS.  
LAKES AND FOUNTAINS.  
THE GARDEN OF LONDON.  
THE GREAT WHEEL.

**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,**  
ST. JAMES'S HALL, W.  
MAGNIFICENT 32nd AUTUMN HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.  
Everything new. Reappearance of Walter Howard. Special engagement of the Crawford Brothers and Larry Dooley, leading American Minstrel Comedians. Nightly at 8 and Matinees Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays at 3. Prices 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Bookings all Libraries. General Manager, Mr. LAWRENCE BROUGH.

**ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.**  
GREAT IRISH HORSE SHOW.  
AUGUST 25, 26, 27, 28, 1896.  
BALLS BRIDGE, DUBLIN.  
Trotting, Driving, and Jumping Competitions.  
Programmes and Tickets to be had on application.  
Leinster House, Dublin. RICHARD J. MOSS, Registrar.

**JOHN WALKER, WATCH and CLOCK MAKER.**  
77, CORNHILL, and 230, REGENT STREET.  
"The Cornhill" Silver Crystal-face Keyless Lever Watch, with Chronometer balance, £3 5s. Gold Keyless Lever Watches, from £10 10s. Chime Clocks in great variety. Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks, with prices, sent free.

**TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE** is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps.  
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

**OH MY BACK! HOW IT ACHES! WHY?**  
FITCH'S KIDNEY and LIVER "COOLER." Grand Con- ception. Try it—You Won't Regret. Sluggish Liver. Inactive Kidneys. Overheated Blood. Bad Urine. Cancer Tumour and Fibrous Growth. A Mineral Fluid. Acts Chemically by Absorption. Post Free, 2s. 6d. 100 times quantity, 5s., ample for thorough course. Inventor, W. B. Fitch, M.D., S.W. New Works, Morning- ton Road, London, S.E. Chemists' Stockholders, Barclay and Sons.

**GUNS & RIFLES.**  
New and Secondhand.  
Largest Stock in London.  
Lists Post Free.  
**D. W. EVANS,** 63, PAUL MALL, LONDON.

**ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES.** Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent free and Safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro Plate (3000 Illustrations) Post Free.

**SPECIAL.**—The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest Prices for Precious Stones, Second-Hand Jewellery, and Old Gold, having Customers who prefer Second-Hand Articles. This has been a successful Department with the Association many years. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post.

Best Gold Brooch, Diamond Head, £1 15s.; with Ruby or Sapphire, £1 7s. 6d.; or with Pearl, £1 5s.  
New Ruby & Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. or with Dia- mond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., & £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl & Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.  
18-ct. Gold Ring, £1 15s.  
New Moonstone & Diamond-able Bangle and Brooch, £3 3s.  
Interchange-able Bangle and Brooch, £3 3s.  
New Pattern Brooch, 18 Rubies or Sapphires, and 2 Whole Pearls, £5 5s.  
New Pattern Brooch, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, 2 whole Pearls, 9 Rubies, and 7 Rose Diamonds, £3 15s.  
Fine Diamond Pendant, £35.  
Diamond-Cutting Factory, Amsterdam.

New Arrow and Tie Brooch, or Hair-Ornament, set with Choice Rubies, £32 10s.  
New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires & 27 Bril- liants, £5 5s.  
Diamond Partridge Scarf-Pin, £3 3s.  
Diamond and Enamel Trout Scarf-Pin, £4 15s.  
Choice Brilliant Cluster Pendant, forming also Brooch, Bracelet, or Hair Ornament, £95.  
Others in stock up to £500.

New Arrow and Tie Brooch, or Hair-Ornament, set with Choice Rubies, £32 10s.  
New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires & 27 Bril- liants, £5 5s.  
Diamond Partridge Scarf-Pin, £3 3s.  
Diamond and Enamel Trout Scarf-Pin, £4 15s.  
Choice Brilliant Cluster Pendant, forming also Brooch, Bracelet, or Hair Ornament, £95.  
Others in stock up to £500.

Brilliant & Sapphires, £31 10s.  
Choice Brilliant Half-Hoop Bracelet, £65.  
New Best Gold 13 Rubies and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.  
Bracelet, containing two-letter raised Monogram set in Gold, £5 5s. or with Oxidized Silver Initial set with Diamonds, £2 2s.  
Similar Watch and Brooch in Gold, £5 5s. or with Oxidized Silver Initial set with Diamonds, £2 2s.

**THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, AND SILVERSMITHS.**  
6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Telegraphic Address: "Ruspoli, London."



sure to prove fatal to those compelled to sing it. Meyerbeer might have retorted by pointing to the accidents at the première of "Le Barbier de Séville," but he was too good-natured. It would have been well, perhaps, for Nourrit if the accident had cut short his operatic career, for it is an open secret that the jealousy and fear of Duprez, his famous rival, drove him absolutely crazy at the end of his days, and, in fact, hastened his end.

At the final rehearsal of "Faust" the original Mephistopheles, Balanqué, had a cloak contrived to represent a pair of diabolically lurid wings. With these outspread he rose from a trap in the first act. He had to touch a spring and the wings became the traditional short cloak. But the spring refused to act, or rather acted so well that the

whalebones inside the mantle lashed his face to pieces. He had to remain in bed for a fortnight.

P.S.—A very courteous but somewhat too complimentary correspondent asks my opinion about the percentage of truth contained in Alexandre Dumas' "Mémoires." He must bear in mind that the events described in those ten volumes happened nearly all before I saw the great Frenchman, and this is notably the case with those relating to the Revolution of 1830. Nevertheless, it is a well ascertained fact that practically there is a considerable substratum of truth in the adventures of which Dumas was the voluntary hero. Previously to their appearing in book form they were published serially in a paper, when there were people alive who had

witnessed many of the events narrated. They would not have scrupled to contradict the author more vehemently than they did had the stories been altogether void of foundation. Dumas, we all know, had the enviable talent that enabled him to clothe truth in the attractive garb of fiction. This makes it difficult to give a verdict off-hand.

The Midland Railway Company, ever anxious to satisfy the wants of the travelling public, has decided to make further extensions in the issue of week-end tickets at a cheap rate. The company now issues return tickets between certain stations on its lines and numerous seaside and inland pleasure resorts distant thirty miles and upwards at about a single ordinary fare for the double journey. These tickets are available by any ordinary train.

## SUMMER HOLIDAYS. NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S BINOCULARS

### AND TELESCOPES.

Makers of the  
"Officer of the Watch" Telescope,  
in use on all the vessels of H.M. Navy.



Nickel-Plated or Bronzed,  
leather covered.  
Price £2 10s.

Perfect Definition and High Power.  
This is a handsome and handy little glass, and is specially  
suitable for Yachting and Seaside use.  
Illustrated price-lists of Binoculars and Telescopes Post  
Free to all parts of the world.

## NEGRETTE & ZAMBRA,

Opticians and Scientific Instrument  
Makers to the Queen.

38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

BRANCHES: 45, Cornhill; 122, Regent Street.  
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO: Crystal Palace, Sydenham.



## GREENER'S 16 - GUINEA HAMMERLESS GUN.

SHOOTS WELL, WEARS WELL,  
AND  
HANDLES WELL,

BEST VALUE FOUND IN ANY GUN  
AT THE PRICE.

Better Quality Grades from 20 Guineas  
and upwards.

GUNS FOR IMMEDIATE USE.

The Largest Stock of fine Guns in Great Britain may  
be seen at

68, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.;

AND  
ST. MARY'S SQUARE, BIRMINGHAM.



ARBENZ'S Mandarin Razors, with interchangeable  
blades, are GOOD RAZORS, and never require  
Grinding. All who use them speak with un-  
bounded enthusiasm of their capacities, and are unani-  
mous in saying that with no other Razors  
can they obtain such a remarkably  
Easy, Pleasant, and perfectly  
Luxurious Shave as with  
these. Every one is fully  
Warranted, and bears  
registered Trade Mark and  
name of Maker, A. ARBENZ, Jougue, France. Prices,  
5s. each; with Four Blades, in handsome Case, 9s. From  
Glasgow Agents, McPHERSON BROS., Cutlers, Argyle Street,  
and all Dealers, or if any difficulty from L. ARBENZ,  
33, Ludgate Hill, Birmingham; introducer of the original  
and only genuine, really good, Gem Air Guns. Ask for  
ARBENZ'S "GEM" Guns, and beware of Worthless Imitations.

6D AT ALL CHEMISTS & 1S  
DR MACKENZIE'S  
ARSENICAL  
SOAP.  
Produces a LOVELY COMPLEXION, and cures Spots,  
Pimples, Freckle s.—Perfectly Harmless.

## TO AMERICANS IN LONDON.

Americans are invited to inspect the largest and choicest  
stock in the world of Diamond Ornaments, Jewellery, Silver  
Plate, Watches, and Clocks at the Store of the Goldsmiths' &  
Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, W. All goods, which  
are freely shown without any importunity to purchase, are  
marked in plain figures, and supplied direct at manufacturers'  
cash prices, saving purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

## THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., LONDON W.

(Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

## TO THE CONTINENT. Via QUEENBORO' - FLUSHING.

ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.  
GREAT SAVING IN TIME. GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN SERVICE.

The magnificent new 21-KNOT PADDLE-STEAMERS, built by the Fairfield Co., of Glasgow, are now running in this Service.

Most Perfect Route to Northern and Southern Germany.

BERLIN—LONDON in 20 Hours ... Arrival Berlin, 8.28 p.m.

LONDON—DRESDEN in 28 Hours ... Arrival Dresden, 12.41 a.m.

LONDON—BALE in 23 hours.

Time Tables and all Information Free on application to the "Zeeland" Steam-ship Co. at Flushing, or at 44, Fore St., London, E.C.,  
where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.

## DISFIGURING HUMOURS



Prevented by  
**Cuticura  
SOAP**

When All  
Else Fails

CUTICURA SOAP purifies and beauti-  
fies the skin, scalp, and hair by restor-  
ing to healthy activity the CLOGGED,  
INFLAMED, IRRITATED, SLUGGISH, or  
OVERWORKED PORES.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and  
American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot:  
F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER  
DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

## ED. PINAUD

PARIS. 37, Bd de Strasbourg.

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes

..VIOLET OF PARMA THEODORA

IXORA BREONI AIDAI

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER

The world-renowned hair

tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

ED. PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP

The best soap known.

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.

Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS,

31, Berners Street (Oxford Street), London, W.

## NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.

For the past thirty years it has never failed to rapidly

restore grey or faded hair. It arrests falling, causes luxuriant

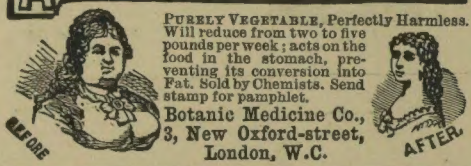
growth, is permanent and harmless. It is not a dye, but a genuine

Restorer. In cases, 10s. 6d., of Hairdressers, Chemists, &c. Analysts'  
report and circulars free.

Agents, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W.;

and City Road, E.C., London.

## ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless.  
Will reduce from two to five  
pounds per week; acts on the  
food in the stomach, pre-  
venting its conversion into  
Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send  
stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co.,  
3, New Oxford-street,  
London, W.C.

## COLT'S NEW DOUBLE-ACTION 32 CAL. POCKET REVOLVER

With Ejector and Solid Frame, is the Latest  
and Best Pocket Revolver made. It Supersedes all others.

COLT'S TARGET REVOLVERS & RIFLES.

Price List Free.

COLT'S FIREARMS CO.,

26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100

Winners of the Highest Honours at  
GREENWICH & Kew OBSERVATORIES

Smith & Sons Watches

Watchmakers to the Admiralty  
and the Royal Observatories.

Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Warranty with  
every Watch. Postage free at our own risk.

Send for Treatise on the Purchase of a Watch, 140 pp., 320 illus., post free.

Established Half a Century. 9 STRAND, LONDON.

From Astronomers defining the exact time  
of the Sun crossing the Meridian To  
£2 of one of Smith's Watches £100



# Caution!

Many headache cures are being advertised at the present time. The public should know, however, that it is impossible to be too careful what they take in this way. Many of the advertised cures contain dangerous drugs, the use of which may, as in a recent case, produce fatal results. There is a remedy which contains nothing whatever of a poisonous nature, neither antipyrin or antifebrin and which has received the endorsement of the "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," and the Highest Award, Paris, 1889. This preparation is Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which may be taken without fear of evil after effects, and even if frequently used does not lose its power. It not only cures Headache but dispels sensations of weariness, exhaustion, and fatigue, and is most refreshing after shopping, travelling or sight-seeing. So highly is Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine esteemed by the Profession that an imitation of it has been introduced into "Squire's Companion to the British Pharmacopœia." Test it and take care that the label bears the name of Alfred Bishop, the inventor of all granular effervescent preparations. Supplied by all Chemists at 1/1½ and 2/-; or of Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Mile End New Town, London.

## Dr. Ralfe's Testimony.

Dr. Ralfe, of 26, Queen Anne Street, London, W., writes: "I have found Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine exceedingly useful, and widely prescribe it."

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
Sir Morell Mackenzie,  
Oliver Wendell Holmes,  
Miss Emily Faithful,  
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,  
and many other persons of distinction have testified  
to the remarkable efficacy of

## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly a quarter of a century.  
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.  
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.  
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.  
In Tins, 4s. 3d.  
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.  
Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, Lynch & Co.,  
J. Sanger & Son, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts, & Co.,  
John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

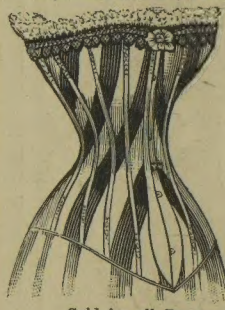
THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA.

# EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

WITH FULL NATURAL FLAVOUR.

EXQUISITE MODELS, PERFECT FIT, GUARANTEED WEAR.



## THE Y&N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET

Will not split in the Seams nor  
tear in the Fabric. Made in  
White, Black, and all the  
Fashionable Colours and Shades  
in Italian Cloth, Satin, and  
Coutil; 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11  
per pair and upwards.  
CAUTION.—Every Genuine Y & N  
Corset is Stamped.  
**THREE GOLD MEDALS.**  
Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.



If not obtainable locally, send 2s. for Sample Box.

## THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

CHIEF OFFICE: SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

The SURGICAL AID SOCIETY supplies Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Artificial Limbs, Artificial Eyes, &c., and every other description of mechanical support to the poor, without limit as to locality or disease.

WATER BEDS AND INVALID CHAIRS AND COUCHES ARE LENT TO THE AFFLICTED  
UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF SUBSCRIBERS.

20,046 Appliances Given in 1895.

Annual Subscription of 10s. 6d., or Life Subscription of 5 Guineas, entitles to Two Recommendations per Annum, the number of Letters increasing in proportion to amount of contribution.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Co., Lombard Street; or by the Secretary, at the Office of the Society.

RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, Secretary.



"But be sure they are CARTER'S."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are widely counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills." CARTER is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper; otherwise the Pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered,

But be sure they are CARTER'S.



## "MYRTLE GROVE"

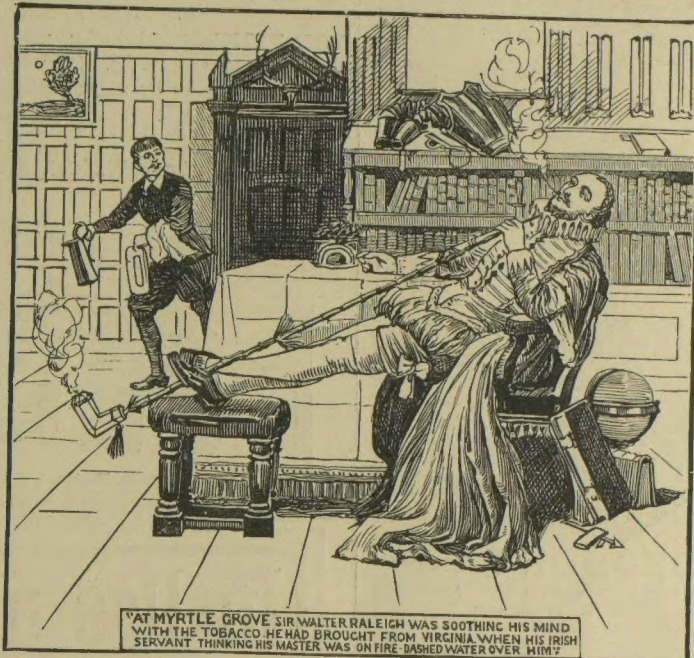
TOBACCO.

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE.

SWEET.

COOL.

FRAGRANT.



"AT MYRTLE GROVE SIR WALTER RALEIGH WAS SOOTHING HIS MIND WITH THE TOBACCO HE HAD BROUGHT FROM VIRGINIA WHEN HIS IRISH SERVANT THINKING HIS MASTER WAS ON FIRE DASHED WATER OVER HIM."

## "MYRTLE GROVE"

CIGARETTES.

SWEET.

COOL.

FRAGRANT.

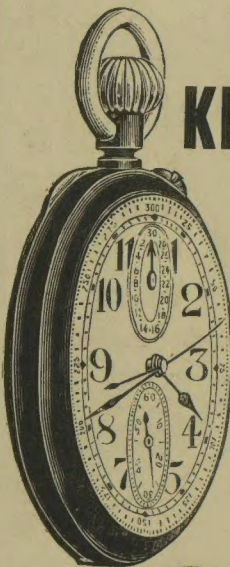
None Genuine without our Name on each Cigarette.

TADDY AND CO., MINORIES, LONDON.

ROYAL DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

## MORRIS GOLDSTEIN'S KEYLESS BLACK WATCHES

\* These Watches will be on show at my Stand in the Gallery of the Royal Horse Show.



My World-renowned Keyless Steel Watches, Oxidised Black, are invaluable to any person requiring a really Strong, Serviceable Watch for Rough Wear, as the Cases cannot get Scratched, and do not show any Sand or Water Marks. Worth their weight in Gold to Doctors, Nurses, Hunters, Rowers, Cyclists, &c.

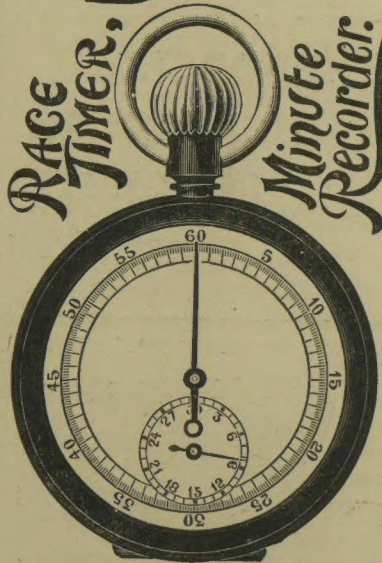
### SPECIAL KEYLESS RECORDER.

Gent's Keyless Open Face Lever Minute Recorder Stop Watch, White Enamel Dial, showing "numerals," as engraving (or Roman figures if preferred), Chronograph, Fly-back Independent Centre Seconds, Compensation Balance adjusted for changes of temperature and climate, and Breguet Spring for resisting the jerks and shocks caused by riding, driving, rowing, or jumping. Warranted for Five Years, price £5.

### PRICES OF ORDINARY BLACK WATCHES.

Gent's Keyless Horizontal Movement	-	12s. 6d.	21s.
Ladies' " "	-	14s. 6d.	22s. 6d.
Gents' " Lever	-	25s. 0d.	37s. 6d.
Calendar Watch (as No. 354 in my Catalogue) **	-		27s. 6d.

Every Watch Warranted for Three Years.



## MY NEW KEYLESS FLY-BACK CENTRE SECOND CHRONOGRAPH

(WITH MINUTE RECORDER)

Has been devised for the purpose of recording time in fifth parts of seconds up to 30 minutes. The action is most simple. By pressing the button at top, the centre seconds hand starts recording the seconds in fifth parts, and, working automatically upon the small dial, causes the small hand to register a minute each time the centre seconds hand reaches Zero (60). By pressing the button a second time, both hands come to a dead stop, thus recording to a fifth of a second the exact time that has elapsed. By pressing the button a third time, both hands fly back to Zero, and the watch is again ready to start. Every Sportsman, Boating Man, Cyclist, Nurse, and Medical Man should possess this Time Recorder.

Made only in Oxidised Prussian Steel Cases, with hard-tempered steel movement, adapted for any climate or rough wear, and sent post paid for 27/6.

\*\* My Illustrated Watch and Jewellery Catalogue (120 Pages, 6000 Illustrations and Testimonials), Gratis and Post Free to any part of the World.

SOLE MAKER—

MORRIS GOLDSTEIN,  
34, Oxford Street, London, W.  
10 to 16, Electric Avenue, Brixton, S.W.

## DEECEE The Automatic Flour

Instantly ready, without preparation, for making Puddings, Meat and Fruit Pies, Pastry, Bread, Tarts, Dumplings, &c. Any Child can do as well with it as a Professed Cook can with ordinary Flour. In 1s. Bags, of Grocers, &c.





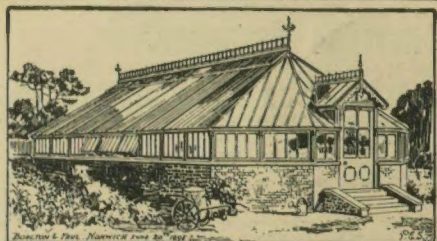
**SOZODONT**  
For the Teeth  
is a fragrant liquid. It cleanses the teeth and the spaces between the teeth as nothing else will do, and it keeps the lips and gums firm, rosy, and sweet.

The Pleasantest Dentifrice in the World.  
Ladies who desire the immense improvement in personal beauty which brilliant teeth and rosy lips impart cannot dispense with SOZODONT.

Improves the colour of good teeth. Corrects the colour of bad teeth. Price 2/6, complete in Toilet Case. Be sure of having SOZODONT.

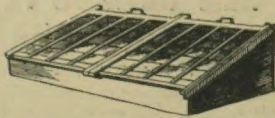
*Sozodont*  
IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS, EVERYWHERE  
British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

**BOULTON & PAUL,**  
Horticultural Builders, NORWICH.  
CONSERVATORIES,  
VINERIES, GREENHOUSES, &c.,  
DESIGNED TO SUIT ANY SITUATION.



**GREENHOUSES FOR AMATEURS.**  
No. 47a. ... 10 ft. by 7 ft. ... Well Made, Painted, ... £8 10 0  
No. 49a. ... 10 ft. by 8 ft. ... Glazed, and Carriage Paid ... 10 10 0

No. 75.  
**MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAME.**  
Carriage Paid on Orders of 40s. to most stations.



4 ft. by 6 ft. ... £1 15 0 ... 12 ft. by 6 ft. ... £3 15 0  
8 ft. by 6 ft. ... 2 15 0 ... 16 ft. by 6 ft. ... 4 15 0

No. 77.—**VIOLET FRAME**, 6 ft. by 4 ft., similar to No. 75. **30s.**

**BOILERS of ALL MAKES and SIZES.**  
TANKS, VALVES, PIPES, & FITTINGS.

**G. E. LEWIS'S GUNS.**

"The Gun of the Period."

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.  
HONOURS, PARIS, 1878.  
DIPLOMA & MEDAL, SYDNEY, 1879,  
AND CALCUTTA, 1883-4.



**G. E. LEWIS'S HAMMERLESS TREBLE GRIP BREECHLOADER**  
is the highest development of the gunmaker's art. The opening of the gun for loading cocks it and bolts the triggers automatically, thus making it the safest gun before the public.

PRICE FROM 10 TO 50 GUINEAS.

Send six stamps for Catalogue of our stock of finished Guns ready for delivery, which is the largest in England. Buy direct and save dealers' profits. We guarantee the shooting and endurance of our Guns and Rifles is second to none.

**G. E. LEWIS, GUN MAKER, BIRMINGHAM.**  
(Established 1850.)

**ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED  
OR MONEY REFUNDED.**

LEGAL GUARANTEE.

**7 1/2 D.**

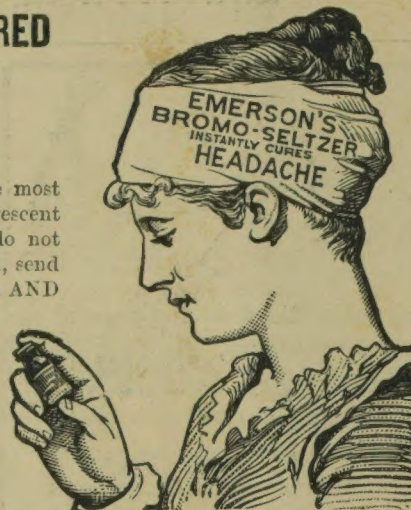
**EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER**, the most successful American Remedy, is an effervescent powder, taken in water. If three doses do not cure any headache, no matter how caused, send the bottle to us, saying where obtained, AND WE WILL AT ONCE REFUND THE PRICE. Trial bottle, post free, 7 1/2 d. Larger sizes, 1s. 1 1/2 d. and 2s. 3 d. Sold by many Chemists, or obtained to order by almost all.

**EMERSON DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,**

46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Insist on Full Name—

**EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER.**



The only awarded at the Paris  
Exhibition 1889.

**VELOUTINE**

Special, hygienic, adherent & invisible  
Toilet powder—**CH. FAY, Inventor**  
9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Judgement of 8th May 1875.

**In Use all over the Globe.**

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from  
Mercury.

Of Vegetable  
Drugs.

**COCKLE'S  
ANTI BILIOUS  
PILLS**

FOR  
BILE,  
LIVER,  
HEADACHE,  
HEARTBURN,  
INDIGESTION,  
ETC.

**A RIDE TO KHIVA.**

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

**COCKLE'S PILLS,**

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

For  
Wedding  
Presentations.



**DREW & SONS,**  
MAKERS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY,  
33, 35, & 37, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

**DREW & SONS,**

SPECIALISTS IN THE  
MANUFACTURE OF THE  
FINEST QUALITY

**DRESSING BAGS  
AND  
FITTED SUIT CASES,**

Supplying Purchasers DIRECT  
from their Works, and saving all  
Intermediate Profits.

LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK IN  
THE WORLD TO SELECT FROM.

Customers' own Fittings Adapted  
when Desired.

DESIGNS FREE BY POST.

ACTUAL MAKERS OF  
PATENT WOOD-FIBRE TRUNKS,  
PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA-BASKETS.

**KEATING'S  
POWDER**

**DESTROYS  
BUGS  
FLEAS  
MOTHS  
BEETLES**

**TINS 3<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>d</sup> & 1<sup>s</sup>**

**HOVENDEN'S EASY**

**HAIR CURLER**  
PRICE 6<sup>d</sup> PER BOX.

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
**12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.**  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS,  
BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**GOUT and  
Rheumatism.**

The DEAN OF CARLISLE writes:  
"Sir— I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for twenty-five years! I took LAVILLE'S medicines, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail.—I remain, yours truly,  
"FRANCIS CLOSE."

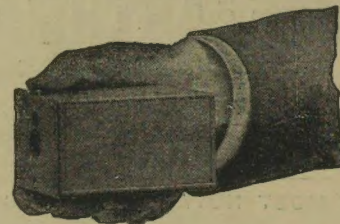
**DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR**  
(PERFECTLY HARMLESS)

IS AN UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR THE CURE OF  
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR  
TWO TO THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT.

Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from  
F. COMAR and SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.  
Descriptive Pamphlet, containing Testimonials, post free on Application.

**POCKET  
... KODAK.**



A perfect camera on a small scale.  
Weights only 5 ounces.  
Size of Picture, 1 1/2 x 2 inches.  
Loaded in daylight.

One button does it—sets the shutter, and changes action from time to instantaneous.

Made of aluminium, and covered with leather.

Price, with 12 Exposures of Film,  
**£1 1s.**

**EASTMAN**

Photographic Materials  
Co. Limited,

115-117 Oxford St., London, W.

**Geo. W. HUGHES**  
**PENS**

Are all made with Round Points.  
Far the Smoothest and Easiest Writers.  
In 6d. and 1 Gross Boxes.

**REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND**

**KROPP RAZOR**  
Always Ready for Use.



NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

Black Handle ... 5/6 | Pair Ivory Handles, in  
Ivory Handle ... 7/6 | Russia Leather Case 21/-  
Kropp's Duplex Strop 7/6 | Kropp's Strop Paste ... 6d.

From all Perfumers and Dealers.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO., LONDON, W.